MEN OF POWER

FRED EASTMAN

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MEN OF POWER

VOL. V

SIXTY-MINUTE BIOGRAPHIES

NICOLAI LENIN
MAHATMA GANDHI
EDWARD LIVINGSTON TRUDEAU
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

By
FRED EASTMAN
Professor of Biography, Literature, and Drama
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"There are some men who lift the age they inhabit—till all men walk on higher ground in that lifetime."

Maxwell Anderson,
in *Valley Forge.*

FOREWORD

I shall try to *explain* these men, not expose or glorify them. They all had power. Where did they get it? They accomplished great things for the common good. Why? Together with the men in the four other volumes in this series they bequeathed to us no small part of our social, scientific, political, and spiritual heritage. How? To paraphrase Shakespeare's line,

> The cause, dear reader, was not in their stars,
> But in themselves, that they were men of power.

In these studies I hope to discover the influences that operated to lift these men above the level of the commonplace and to set their feet on higher ground. I shall present each man's heredity, his cultural and national background, his early home and school, his friendships, his purposes, his habits of work, his opponents, and his philosophy of life. From these considerations it may be possible to construct an understandable picture of his growing personality. Such biographical portraits will give more attention to each man's early struggles than to his later accomplishments, more importance to what went on within his heart as a youth and young man than to the honors that came to him as an old man.

Gratefully I acknowledge the constructive criticism of my wife, whose passion for accuracy has saved me from many a slip and whose encouragement has kept me at the task. My thanks also to my young colleague, Emerson W. Shideler, for his assistance in preparing the sketch on Gandhi.

F. E.

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MEN OF POWER

LENIN

1870-1924

If an American wants to understand what Lenin means to the masses of the Russian people, he may gain a rough idea by trying to picture a combination of Moses, Jesus, Washington, and Lincoln. For the workers and peasants of Russia look upon Lenin as the man who led them out of bondage, gave them a new way of life, fathered their revolution, and preserved their union. They think of him as their savior who will one day be recognized as the savior of the world.

Probably no man in modern times has been more cordially hated or more passionately loved. To churchly persons who stood aghast at his avowed atheism and saw the havoc he wrought of the established church in Russia, Lenin was no less than the antichrist. To

those who looked upon capitalism as the source of the comforts and progress of civilization, he was a devil incarnate, a robber, a despoiler, the most dangerous and destructive of demagogues. But others saw him from opposite viewpoints. The Soviet Congress, at the time of his death, issued a statement containing this tribute: "His vision was colossal, his intelligence in organizing the masses beyond belief. He was the greatest leader of all countries, of all times, and of all peoples. He was the lord of the new humanity, the savior of the world." John Haynes Holmes, one of the prophetic American voices of modern Christianity, wrote: "Lenin was one of the greatest statesmen of all times—and one of the greatest martyrs." Gorky, who knew Lenin intimately and worked with him through his struggles, said: "If he had lived in a religious age the people would have made of him a saint. . . . To me Lenin is the hero of a legend, a man who tore the burning heart out of his breast in order to light up for mankind the path which shall lead it out of the shameful chaos of the present. . . . He was an honest intellectual who honestly believed in the possibility of justice on earth."

Every traveler who has visited Moscow during the past twenty years has had one unforgettable scene impressed upon his memory: the long line of common people—factory workers, farmers, soldiers, women and children—who stand waiting their turn through the bitter cold of winter or the blistering heat of summer

to enter Lenin's tomb and file past the glass coffin in which his body lies. Many of the public demonstrations of Moscow are staged by the dictatorship, but not this one. These humble people come—some of them many miles—because they want to. The twenty-year procession around that silent body resembles nothing so much as the file of pilgrims around the relics of a beloved saint. Men doff their caps in reverence, and women hold up their babies as if to receive a blessing.

The communists insist, of course, that there is nothing religious about all this; that it is only their grateful tribute to their deliverer; that Lenin was an atheist who condemned all mysticism, branding religion as "the opiate of the people." But this insistence hardly satisfies the impartial observer. He sees here the same solemn obeisance he has beheld at a shrine. He recalls, too, other similarities with religion. The followers of this man have a body of scriptures—an Old Testament by Marx and Engels, a New Testament by Lenin. They have a rigid set of doctrines. They have a moral code. To be sure, it is not the Jewish code or the Christian; but it is dominated by a kindred purpose, to elevate the common life. The motto of the young communists is, "Be your best"; and to that end they abstain from drinking and smoking and condemn sexual debauchery. Further, these disciples of Lenin hold heresy trials not unlike those of the Inquisition and punish the guilty with anything from excommunication to death. Finally, the observer may remember that Chris-

tianity also started among an oppressed people—carpenters, fishermen, and shepherds ground under the heel of Rome—and that in their early days they lived together in a primitive form of communism.

Whether or not Lenin initiated a new religion, there can be no question that he originated something of world importance. Even Bertrand Russell, who had little sympathy for him, said, after he saw him in action, that this century will be known in history as "the century of Lenin." It may be so. For this man not only overthrew an empire but established upon its ruins one of the most powerful states of the modern world. He united eight great states comprising one-sixth of the area of the habitable earth and including more than a hundred and fifty million people of a dozen different languages and bound them together in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Eighty-six per cent of these people had been peasant farmers living in degrading poverty and in a state of illiteracy below the level of the American negro at the time of our Civil War. Thousands who had rebelled and started minor revolutions had been killed or languished in prison or in Siberian exile. Lenin planned and executed a revolution that went to the roots of the trouble, smashed the old order completely, catapulted the workers and peasants into the government, established schools and new hospitals, and in a few short years changed the lives of more of his contemporaries than any man who ever lived. Moses' achievement of emancipating some thousands of

Hebrews from slavery in Egypt seems almost trivial compared with this man's leadership of a hundred and fifty million people out of centuries' old superstition and tyranny. Whether we like him or not, we must recognize him as a man of power.

His Nation and Times. Russia in the middle of the nineteenth century was restive under great evils: the absolute autocracy of the Czar, the tyranny of the nobles who owned the land, and the superstitious practices of the Orthodox Church which, allied with the Czar and nobles, kept the people in ignorance. The peasants suffered these evils with little hope of redress. Tolstoy had awakened the moral consciousness of many, had championed the cause of the peasants and city workers, and had preached salvation by a process of repentance and self-purification much like that of Gandhi in India of more recent times. He had set an example for the nobles in his own renunciation of property and special privilege. He had won the affection of the poor by working with them in the fields and establishing for their children a number of schools employing original principles of progressive education. But these steps, while they had extended men's horizons, stirred imaginations, and touched many hearts, had not removed the evils. Privilege dies hard. Tyranny seldom lays its own head on the block.

The landed proprietors, moved more by fear of revolution than by Tolstoy's gospel of self-sacrificing love, granted concessions grudgingly. News of labor

movements in France and Germany gradually percolated to the submerged masses of Russia and kindled little fires of rebellion here and there. Alexander II, ascending the throne in 1855, had declared that it would be better to abolish serfdom from above "than to wait until it begins to abolish itself from below." In 1861 serfdom was officially terminated, but the serfs were not given the rights of citizenship. Instead, they were organized into communal groups and to each commune was granted a certain amount of land. Each peasant received a small strip of land in his commune—a strip that might be altered in size in accordance with the size of his family—but it belonged to the commune, not to him. Upon the peasant communal groups the government imposed the obligation of paying for the land assigned to them by the reform. Thus, while the individual peasant no longer felt himself the slave of a particular landowner, he still had no property of his own and little personal freedom. He was bound to his commune, and it was under the hand—or the heel—of the autocratic government. He could not move his residence from one commune to another or from a village to a town without a special passport. Moreover, his children had little or no chance at schooling. Even as late as 1900 only one-fourth of the children of school age in Russia had the privilege of attending school.

The local Russian Orthodox Church, the peasant's only social institution, was reactionary in social viewpoint, otherworldly in message, and superstitious in

practice. It wrung from the peasant a good share of what little money he had left after he had paid his government assessments. It ruled him by fear of what would happen to him in the next world if he did not fulfill his ecclesiastical duties in this. It conducted no schools, even religious ones, for his children. As for helping him to envision a kingdom of God on earth, or even a universal brotherhood of man—such ideas had no place to lay their heads in the church. They were crowded out by ritual and dogma. One may well understand how Lenin came to look upon the "religion" of the church as an "opiate of the people." Of course, there were many individual priests who had not bowed the knee to Baal—kindly, helpful men of sympathy and good will—but they were powerless to change the general drift of the church as a whole.

A further source of unrest and friction lay in the increasing difference in the standard of living between peasants in the villages and the workers in the recently developed industries in the towns and cities. In the latter some of the workers had windows in their homes; in the peasant villages there were almost no windows. Windows cost money and were taxed. In the towns and cities the more fortunate workers had homes of three or four rooms; the typical peasant home was a one-room hut, often with only a dirt floor. The town and city workers had a modest variety of things to eat; the peasants' diet was a monotony of cabbage soup and black bread. Towns and cities got schools long before

the villages. City workers learned to read and write; peasants remained, for the most part, illiterate. Further, in the towns and cities the means of transportation and communication made it possible for ideas to spread with some rapidity so that the industrial workers there began to think in terms of the nineteenth and even the twentieth century, while the peasants in the communal village still lived in the seventeenth.

The friction growing out of this difference in standard of living became acute when factory managers found they could keep down the wages of their city workers by importing through the winter months thousands of young peasants from the farms. This huge reserve of cheap labor made it possible to replace a city worker with a cheaper peasant. Consequently labor conditions were far below those of western countries. Men and women worked eleven and twelve hours a day for a pittance and had no security for times of sickness or unemployment or old age. The friction generated by this factory-farmer system produced such heat of rebellion that no halfway measures could quench it.

The educated men and women of the country recognized the injustice in all this. Liberal sentiment had grown steadily among them. Yet that sentiment expressed itself chiefly in discussions of the abstract principles that should underlie some future social order of a more idealistic nature. Such reforms as they favored for the present were patterned after French

and English models of culture. They traveled much in these countries, read their books, spoke French in their own social intercourse, and reserved Russian for such conversations as they held with the peasants. Their strongest movement, started by Peter the Great, was directed toward westernizing their own country. Until Pushkin, Turgenev, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, and Gorky came along—all in the nineteenth century—there had been little Russian literature. And even these great writers concerned themselves with problems of the individual soul rather than with the social order.

Yet practical measures of reform were not altogether lacking. The government dealt harshly with outspoken criticism, but various political parties and societies maintained an illegal and sub rosa existence. As their influence grew, the government sensed the oncoming revolution and adopted more humane policies. Chief of these were the reforms instituted by the great liberal premier, Stolypin, in 1905. Stolypin established a constitutional order and one which substituted individual peasant ownership of land for ownership by the communes. He also broke the factory-farmer system. But his reforms came too late. The smouldering fires of rebellion were already aglow; scattered groups of socialists in the cities were fanning them to flame; and this man Lenin was painstakingly planning a complete overthrow of the old order and a new system to take its place.

His Parents and Early Home. Vladimir Ilyich Ulianov, who became known throughout the world by his pseudonym Lenin, was born April 22, 1870, in Simbirsk, a quiet city of 30,000, on the banks of the Volga. His father, Ilyia Ulianov, came of rather exceptional peasant stock, with a mixture of Slavic and Tartar blood in its veins. He had so distinguished himself by his educational abilities that he had been appointed state councilor and curator of the national schools of the city. This position made him a member of the minor nobility. He had married an intelligent and capable girl, the daughter of a surgeon in the Russian army, and a member of a Russianized German family. They had six children of whom Vladimir Ilyich was the third. The fact that all six children turned out to be revolutionaries speaks eloquently for the kind of training they had in their early home. The parents read widely, especially literature of social discontent. A quotation from one of these books impressed itself on young Ilyich's memory: "God forbid that I shall ever be satisfied with this life of ours." Although neither of the parents had broken with the old order in church or state, or taken part in any radical movement, they both felt a deep responsibility for redeeming their country from the tyranny under which it suffered. With an optimistic faith that it could and would be redeemed, they encouraged in their children a daring independence of thought and then stood loyally by them when, in later years, they got into trouble with

the government. Beyond this we know little of the early home.

His Schooling. Ilyich entered the public schools and from the beginning studied hard and developed a passion for learning. His younger sister recalls how, in his adolescent years, he "went every morning after tea to an out-of-the-way summer house, laden with dictionaries and textbooks. . . . He knew not only how to read but also how to study; he made voluminous notes and abstracts. All day long he sat at his books, from which he was separated only to go for a walk or to talk or argue in the little circle of his comrades who, like himself, were imbued with revolutionary ideas." At seventeen, upon graduation from the high school, he stood highest in every class and won a gold medal for excellence in his academic work. The headmaster wrote upon his certificate: "Very gifted; consistently painstaking and regular in attendance." Throughout his life Ilyich continued to be a systematic and conscientious student. When exiled from his country to Siberia or sojourning in other countries he still managed to find books. In addition to his native tongue he read and spoke fluently French, German, Italian, and English.

The Influence of His Brother's Execution. Next to his parents his older brother, Alexander, had the most important influence upon the selection of his early reading. It was he who first recommended that Ilyich study Marx's *Das Kapital,* which became a bible to the younger brother although Alexander himself never

adopted Marxism. The boys discussed the book pro and con for hours. Both, even at this early age, believed that the old order in Russia must be overthrown. Both ceased to attend the church. Alexander joined a group of young terrorists who wanted immediate and direct action. They plotted the assassination of the Czar. But the plot was discovered by a spy in their midst and reported to the government. Alexander and his comrades were hanged while an attendant priest, with arms uplifted, proclaimed, "This is the will of God." This took place one month after Ilyich's graduation.

The effect upon his own thinking and plans for the future can hardly be overestimated. He would carry on where his brother left off; but not by his brother's way. Terrorism was futile. He must find a better method—one that would go to the roots of Russia's sickness. It might take years, but what of that? Russia had already waited for centuries; a few more years would make her all the riper for change. And the change must be thoroughly grounded in some new scheme for a social order that would win the support of the masses. He could well take the time to think it out and prepare himself for leadership. He would go to the University of Kazan and study law.

So he left his home at Simbirsk, carrying away with him an indelible impression of the change which had come over it during these last two years: his father had died, his brother had been executed, and his mother

and sisters had been socially ostracized because of their connection with a traitor. One might well understand some element of revenge entering into the spirit of young Ilyich, but no trace of it appears in his speeches or writings. Even at seventeen he looked upon the tragedy in his family not as personal or private, but as a part of the greater tragedy of all Russia.

Banishment from the University. He lasted just thirty days at the University of Kazan. Its students, mostly sons of small merchants and junior officials, came there to prepare for government service. The school authorities, dominated by both the government and the church, permitted no questioning of the established order. Yet such questioning inevitably arose; for the boys had little or no money, they slept five in a room, and each textbook had to serve three students. Their food—always a live topic among youth—was poor. News of social movements in France and Germany and England seeped through to them; and they spent hours in heated discussions over such subjects as economic justice, academic freedom, capital punishment, and Tolstoy's religion. These were just the subjects that most interested Ilyich, and he at once became a leader among the new students. Some trivial disturbance arose in connection with one of these discussions, and the authorities promptly seized upon it as a violation of a rule against unsanctioned student assemblies. They discharged Ilyich as a ringleader. The local government then took a hand in the matter and,

suspicious of the boy because of his brother's terroristic exploit, banished him from the city of Kazan to the nearby village of Kokushkino, the former home of his mother. This was the first of the series of banishments that punctuated his life. And this may be as good a time as any to drop his boyhood name of Ilyich and call him by the pseudonym he later adopted for himself —Lenin.

Determining His Purpose. At Kokushkino during the next five years he continued his studies, now self-taught, preparing himself to enter the law. He also became familiar with all the writings of Marx and was convinced that his economy must be foundational for the new social structure of Russia. From this time on he never wavered in his discipleship of Marx. Marx, he thought, had the right idea: the abolition of private property and the substitution of state ownership of all natural resources and industries; the abolition of capitalism and of exploitation of labor, and the substitution of democracy in industry; the abolition of superstitious and mystical religion and the substitution of scientific materialism; and finally, the abolition of class distinctions and the substitution of a classless society, a genuine brotherhood of all men. Lenin would devote his life to applying this Marxian theory to Russia, counting himself free, however, to modify or correct the theory as experience dictated.

This adoption, at the age of nineteen or twenty, of a philosophy of life from which he never deviated makes

Lenin unique in the annals of biography. Most men—even such rare political geniuses as Jefferson, Disraeli, and Lincoln—have arrived at a working philosophy only after their minds have matured through a long process of trial and error. Lenin apparently never seriously considered any theory of social organization except Marx's. That was thoroughgoing and as radically different as any system could be from the capitalistic autocracy which had oppressed Russia. In his application of the Marxian idea Lenin differed from his master only in one important feature: Marx held that the abolition of private property and the creation of a classless society could come only as a result of a world revolution of the workers and the destruction of all national boundaries; Lenin held that the goal could be realized in a single country, especially if that country, like Russia, were large enough and rich enough in its natural resources to be practically independent of the rest of the world. For the rest of his life, through exile, prison, and persecution, Lenin concentrated all his energies upon the single purpose of redeeming Russia by the Marxian method as an example for the rest of the world to observe and follow.

A Famine—and His First Speech. While he was mastering Marx—and Hegel, upon whose dialectic philosophy the Marxian system depended—he read for enjoyment the works of Goethe and Victor Hugo and dipped into the French philosophers and the English radical writers. In the midst of these studies he was

recalled to earth by a new calamity which had hit the province in which he lived—a famine, followed by epidemics of the dreaded typhus and cholera. He saw the misery of the peasants; saw them die by hundreds and thousands; saw also that neither state nor church brought to their aid the resources of science. To the government such catastrophes were simply inevitable; they always had been and always would be; it was just too bad. To the church, they were a judgment of God. A relief committee of intellectuals was formed to see what could be done. Lenin appeared at one of its early meetings and there made his first public address. He maintained that relief measures could do no good; in fact they would be foolish and harmful, for the condition of the people was a direct result of the political regime, and relief would only postpone the day of the people's reckoning with the government. The speech won him nothing but a request to quit the meeting.

Choosing His Career. A few weeks later he went to St. Petersburg, took the state law examinations, passed them, and was admitted to the law degree. During the following year (his twenty-second) he served as assistant to a liberal lawyer in the province of Samara; but, feeling himself too remote from the center of the labor movement, he returned the next year to St. Petersburg. For a short while he practiced law but spent most of his time studying the laws relating to workers and to labor conditions in factories.

Soon he faced this choice: should he continue his career as a lawyer, or throw his whole attention to revolutionary agitation? Money, the comforts of the body, respectability, and social prestige all pointed toward law. His family background, the vivid memory of his brother Alexander, and his own studies in Marx all pointed toward revolutionary agitation. But he knew what such a life would mean: he would be continually under surveillance by the Russian secret police; he would spend much time in prison and in exile; he would never be sure where the next meal was to come from; his mother and sisters would be made to suffer for his opposition to the government and church; he would say farewell forever to any comradeship among the professional or upper social classes of Russia. In short, he would live the hard and hunted life of revolutionaries in every age. But someone must do it if ever Russia's hundred and fifty million peasants and industrial workers were to be helped to a more abundant life. If he failed, he could still believe that his burning body might light a torch for others to find the road to freedom. He chose the career of a revolutionary.

Beginning His Political Activities. His decision made, he promptly abandoned the law office and started on travels that took him up and down and across the vast stretches of Russia. He wanted to learn by his own observation the conditions of the masses and to discover what revolutionary movements were already under way among them. He visited peasants and

shared their humble meals of watery soup and pickled cabbage leaves. He saw fathers beaten because their first-born children were daughters instead of sons. He saw peasant labor exploited by overseers, doctors, police, and priests. He saw some peasants robbing weaker ones until there were two million homeless and workless beggars wandering miserably about the country. He visited the cities, too, and saw men and women working twelve hours a day in factories without adequate light or heat or sanitary facilities. Such sights supported Marx's claim that private industry is always run for private profit; that the greed for private profit destroys the best in men by making them live according to the "jungle law of fang and claw"; and that there could be no real remedy to this situation until private ownership of the means of life should be abolished and all the industries of the country—agriculture as well as manufacturing and mining—be owned by the people as a whole and put upon a basis of production for use and not for private profit.

But how to bring about this change? Such revolutionary groups as existed in the rural districts were few and far between. They rejected Marxian theory —many of them had not even heard of it—as Utopian; they debated among themselves minor and less thoroughgoing reforms; and they were completely discouraged at the prospect of arousing and unifying the masses of peasants. The latter were illiterate, superstitious, and possessed of a slave mentality as a result of

their centuries of serfdom. Lenin made small headway among these rural revolutionary groups. In the cities, however, and particularly in St. Petersburg, he found the prospects brighter. Here the working classes had become literate, had cast off most of their superstitions, and had organized groups bent on radical social change. Among these the Social Revolutionaries carried on the old terrorist activities, and Lenin would have nothing to do with them. A more promising group, from his standpoint, were the Social Democrats who, although not altogether Marxian, had much sympathy with that point of view. With the St. Petersburg Social Democrats Lenin allied himself and soon became a leader in their discussions. He was convinced that these city workers, because of their intelligence and the strategic nature of their position, must become the "vanguard for the whole of the oppressed masses," and that their task was "to free the whole of the populace from slavery." This conviction, according to his wife's memoirs of him, "illuminated all his further activities and determined every step he took."

The Method of Achieving the Revolution. Lenin's three years of travel and observation among the masses of Russia convinced him that no peaceful method of changing their wretched condition could be effective. The sickness lay too deep. It would require the surgeon's knife. That meant bloodshed. He had no liking for it, but he saw no other way. In a letter to

his friend Gorky he once wrote, concerning the "Appassionata,"

> I know nothing more beautiful. . . . It is marvelous, unearthly music. Every time I hear these notes, I think with pride . . . that it is wonderful what man can accomplish. But I cannot listen to music often, it affects my nerves. I want to say amiable stupidities and stroke the heads of the people who can create such beauty in a filthy hell. But today is not the time to stroke people's heads; today hands descend to split skulls open, split them open ruthlessly, although *opposition to all violence is our ultimate ideal*—it is a hellishly hard task . . .[1]

As he saw it, there had never been a revolution without violence and never could be, for—except in a few cases like Tolstoy's—the propertied and privileged men would not yield their property or privilege except by compulsion. Accepting the principle of violence, he was naturally driven to its corollaries: violent seizure of power by the proletariat whenever the situation was ripe and the organization of the people strong enough to retain and administer the power seized; crushing of all opponents; suppression of freedom of speech, press, and assemblage at least until the new order was firmly established; educating young and old among the masses in the principles of Marx; and all this to be carried out under the leadership and discipline of one united political party. Such was to be his method.

[1] The italics are mine. F. E.

The first step must be to organize the workers as a basis for the political party which must follow. He planned the organization carefully, quietly. He began by publishing, with the help of a few trusted friends, a small propaganda sheet which he mimeographed and circulated surreptitiously among the industrial workers of St. Petersburg. It dealt with the low wages and oppressive labor conditions (long hours, fines, foul drinking water, unsanitary toilets, etc.) under which they all chafed. Here was something on which every worker could agree. He united these workers on the simple basis of their common grievances. He called this first organization the "Association for the Emancipation of the Working Class." As it grew larger in numbers and the influence of his mimeographed sheet spread, he encouraged the members to organize strikes in a few of the St. Petersburg factories. These were sufficiently successful to demonstrate the power of workers' organizations, and the movement went forward with gathering confidence.

Next, he brought together groups of the more intelligent workers to discuss what they must do to better the lot of labor. As a basis for their discussions he wrote and mimeographed a little book entitled *Friends of the People,* setting forth simply and clearly the goals on which they should unite and the immediate steps toward them. In one of the groups to which he introduced this booklet was a young woman named Nadezhda Krupskaya, who later became his wife. In her memoirs

she has left us a vivid picture of Lenin in these early stages of his work.

On Sundays he usually called to see me on his way back from working with the circle. We used to start endless conversations. I was wedded to the school then [she was a teacher in a school organized by and for the workers and conducted on Sunday—their only holiday] and would go without my food rather than miss a chance of talking about the pupils or about the factories. . . . He was interested in the minutest detail describing the conditions and life of the workers. Taking the features separately he endeavored to grasp the life of the worker as a whole. . . . Most of the intellectuals of those days badly understood the workers. An intellectual would come to the circle and read the workers a kind of lecture. . . . Lenin read with the workers from Marx's *Capital,* and explained it to them. The second half of the studies was devoted to the workers' questions about their work and labor conditions. He showed them how their life linked up with the entire structure of society, and told them in what manner the existing order could be transformed. The combination of theory with practice was the particular feature of his work in the circles.[2]

Naturally these meetings, as they grew in number and size, attracted the attention of the police. Lenin soon became skillful in misleading them and in covering his trail. He taught his lieutenants how to write letters in chemical ink, or in milk, and how to put dots under individual letters which when put together spelled out

[2] N. K. Krupskaya, *Memories of Lenin,* International Publishers, New York, 1930, I, 9.

his message to them—or theirs to him. He gave each a secret name.

As the police became keener on the scent, Lenin asked the groups to appoint a successor to him, for sooner or later he would surely be arrested. They appointed Krupskaya (she always used only her surname). Shortly afterward Lenin eluded the police by going to Germany and later to Switzerland. In these countries he studied intensively the experience and progress of the workers' movements. He returned to St. Petersburg with a head full of new ideas—and with a box containing a false bottom in which he had concealed illicit propaganda literature. Again he took up the work of printing and circulating his messages to the Russian industrial workers. And again the police followed him. This time they arrested him and put him in prison as a "dangerous revolutionary," which he undoubtedly was. This was late in 1895; he was twenty-five years old.

Krupskaya gives us another portrait at this point in his career. She says that his comrades, visiting him in prison, had been permitted to bring to him a number of books which were only casually examined by the police. The examiners did not notice that dots had been placed under certain letters, or that many pages had been written upon in milk. When he returned these books to the visitors on the occasion of their next call he had put dots under other letters and so kept up communication with his groups.

She continues the picture:

Every letter he wrote to the outside world contained various commissions to be carried out on behalf of the prisoners. Thus, so-and-so has no visitors—you must find him a "sweetheart"; or tell such-and-such a fellow prisoner through his relatives when they next visit him to look for a letter in such-and-such a book in the prison library; or bring so-and-so warm boots. . . . His letters vibrated with courageous spirit, and spoke mainly of our work. I remember the impression from these letters in August, 1896, when I was also in jail. Letters written in milk came through from outside on the day for sending books—Saturday. One would immediately look at the secret signs in the book and ascertain whether a letter was inside. At six o'clock they brought hot water for tea and the wardress led the criminals out to the church. By this time the "politicals" would have the letters torn into long strips. Then they would make their tea, and as soon as the wardress departed begin to drop the strips into the hot tea. Thus the letters would be "developed." (It was Lenin who devised this method.) . . . What courage these letters breathed, how absorbingly interesting they were to read! Just as he was the pivot of all our work outside, so in prison he was the center of contact with the outside world.

But apart from this, he did a great deal of work in prison. He prepared *The Development of Capitalism in Russia,* . . . and several pamphlets. . . . In order not to be discovered while writing with milk, he made little milk-"inkpots" out of bread. These he popped into his mouth immediately he heard a rattle at the grating. "Today I have eaten six inkpots," ran the postscript to one of his letters.[3]

[3] *Ibid.,* I, 19-20.

His imprisonment ("preliminary detention," the police called it) lasted one year; and then the real sentence was pronounced: three years' exile to Siberia. Lenin joked about it, saying that it was a pity they let him out of prison so soon. "I would have liked to do a little more work on the book. It will be difficult to obtain books in Siberia." Before he was out of prison Krupskaya herself was arrested and thrown in. When, a year later, she received sentence of three years' exile, she told the authorities she was Lenin's betrothed and asked that she might join him. They consented; and she, with her mother, made the long journey of several weeks to Shushensk, where she found Lenin and began at once to live and work with him. There is no mention of a wedding ceremony (it would probably have been impossible under the circumstances), but the two were known thereafter as man and wife and worked together until Lenin's death "in sickness and in health, in joy and in sorrow"—but never in plenty. They shared the same convictions and purposes, made the same sacrifices for their common cause, and were loyal and devoted to each other.

Exile in Siberia. American and English readers are apt to have the idea that Siberian exile always meant cruel sufferings among icy wastes—sufferings that usually terminated in death. It was not often as bad as that. Lenin, for example, was not confined to prison or forced to labor upon public works or roads. He received the government allowance of eight rubles per month (less

than six dollars), and out of that paid four rubles for rental of half a small house, including a garden, and had enough left for the simple food required by Krupskaya, her mother, and himself. His time was his own, and he was even permitted to own a shotgun with which he could hunt small game. The real purpose of exile was not slow death; it was to remove a man from dangerous political activities in Russia proper. Its chief hardship was its remoteness. To be sure, there were no luxuries and few creature comforts; but Lenin had disciplined himself to forego these even when living in St. Petersburg. Medical care, too, was practically nil, but his simple life kept him in health. The exiles suffered from the same epidemics of cholera and typhus that cursed the natives, and the toll of these diseases—and of tuberculosis—was heavy, but Lenin escaped them. As for books, he had been allowed to carry a few with him, and his friends in St. Petersburg managed to send others to him. Mornings he devoted to study and writing, afternoons and evenings to getting acquainted with the peasants and the other exiles. For relaxation he read Tolstoy, Turgenev, Pushkin, Zola, and other Russian and French authors. And always he carried on his cipher correspondence with the revolutionary groups back in Russia.

Again it is Krupskaya who gives us the best account of him in action during these years:

Another acquaintance of Lenin's was a poor peasant with whom he frequently went hunting. He was a most

thickheaded old *mujik,* and they called him Sosipatych. . . . It was through Sosipatych that Lenin studied the Siberian countryside and saw the ruthless way the petty proprietors exploited the farm laborers. And truly, the Siberian farmhands worked as if in servitude, only snatching a little rest at holiday time.

Lenin had another method of studying the countryside. On Sundays he ran a lawyer's consultation. He enjoyed great popularity as a lawyer, as he had helped one worker, who had been turned off the gold mines, to win his case against the goldfield proprietor. News about the winning of this case quickly spread among the peasants. *Mujiks* and peasant women came and unburdened their woes. Lenin listened attentively and probed into everything, afterwards giving his advice.[4]

Of course, Lenin, as an exile, had no legal right to mix in the court cases of the peasants. But the local authorities were liberal and did not trouble themselves with what their political prisoners did. The mayor was much more interested in selling his veal to these prisoners.

The post came twice a week, and Lenin's mother wrote him regularly. Most of his correspondence, and it was heavy, was with other exiles in Siberia and with the leaders of the workers' organizations in St. Petersburg. The latter wrote of their progress, their discussions, their comrades in prison, and the new books on labor movements throughout Europe. While the government at first underestimated the power of Lenin's

[4] *Ibid.,* I, 28-29.

pen, it soon discovered that he was still the brains and moving spirit of labor agitation, exercising a kind of remote control over it, and thereupon clamped down a censorship upon him. It saw to it that he received less news, that his booklets were not published by his comrades in St. Petersburg, and that his bulletins became less and less frequent.

This worried Lenin more than exile or imprisonment or any bodily discomfort. He knew the workers depended upon his leadership, and without means of communication he could not encourage or direct them. Eventually he thought up the plan of editing a paper to be published abroad and smuggled back into Russia. Before he could put this plan into effect, however, the police, suspecting that his active brain was evolving some new scheme, established such a strict surveillance over him that he decided to postpone the project until the conditions were more favorable.

When, in March of 1900, the exile came to an end and Lenin returned to European Russia, he left behind him a host of new friends, not only among the exiles but among the peasants of Siberia. He had turned his exile into a missionary adventure.

Not permitted to return to St. Petersburg, Lenin settled for the time being in Pskov, a city about a hundred and seventy miles southwest of St. Petersburg. Krupskaya, whose term of exile had not yet ended, was allowed to move to Ufa, some eleven hundred miles east of Pskov. In these communities, Lenin in the western

part of the country and his wife in the eastern among exiles, they began to weave the threads of local organizations which would one day be combined. Krupskaya devoted herself to teaching, translating, and learning the lives and working conditions of various groups of workers so that she could pass the information on to Lenin.

Reorganizing the Labor Movement and Founding a Journal. During his exile the various labor groups in the cities had made considerable progress. The rapid expansion of Russia's new industries had made it possible for the workers to wring certain concessions for themselves from the factory owners, largely by the use of strikes. Their success in this had led many, even in the Social-Democratic party, to argue that they should concentrate their efforts on the continuation of their progress in securing better industrial conditions for themselves and leave alone all questions of political revolution for the country as a whole. If the peasants wanted to improve their lot, well and good, but let them work out their own salvation. The industrial workers felt all the more strongly that this was the only feasible way since the one attempt they had made to form an All-Russian organization at a conference in Minsk in 1898 had proved a seemingly trivial affair. Only eight or nine delegates had attended (most of the real leaders at the time were either in prison or exile), and these could do little but issue their Manifesto in which they declared the formation of the Russian Social-Demo-

cratic Labor Party and recognized a small journal, the *Rabochaya Gazeta,* as the party organ. Since then the party had languished, the journal had expired, and the whole grand project seemed about to die in infancy.

Against this tendency to forsake revolutionizing the whole of Russia and establishing a new social order, Lenin threw himself with all the power he possessed. Working with a few older leaders, principally Plekhanov and Axelrod, who shared his Marxian philosophy (although they differed much in details), he soon put a new spirit into the groups in Pskov and St. Petersburg. Together, within a year, they launched a new journal—*Iskra* ("The Spark")—and nailed to its masthead Pushkin's words, "From sparks will burst forth flame." This was the paper which Lenin had dreamed and planned during his exile. They decided to publish it abroad—in Munich—and to circulate it by underground devices in Russia. They declared its purpose in bold terms: to be the instrument of combining the various labor and peasant revolutionary groups into one strong party—the Russian Social-Democratic Labor Party—which would lead them in their struggle for freedom and a new Russia. They endorsed unequivocally the Manifesto of 1898. They condemned the divisions which had sprung up within the labor movement and proposed to open their columns for a free discussion of the differences in ideas underlying these divisions so that they could be harmoniously adjusted. They proclaimed the absolute necessity of

forming a strong central party organization and a unified party program. They concluded, "Only when we have established such an organization, only when we have established a Russian Socialist postal system, will the Party have a chance of permanent existence, and only then will it become a real factor and consequently a mighty political force."

From its origin Lenin was the controlling spirit and force in this journal. He wrote much of it and edited every line that went into it. Through this organ he tried to unite the majority of the various labor factions. The rest—those who were merely liberals, or who sought only advantage for their own crafts, or who did not accept the fundamental Marxian viewpoint—he dealt with uncompromisingly. He persuaded them when he could; otherwise he sought to drive them out of the party. He made the paper one of the most potent forces toward producing the revolution.

Thus, at thirty, he had become one of the dominant figures directing the course of the rising tide of unrest among Russia's hundred and fifty million industrial workers and peasants. He was their leader because he knew in which direction they needed to go; he had a basic philosophy which cut at the very roots of the evils under which they suffered; and he had a vision of the new order in which their old wrongs would be righted. He had learned first-hand the lives of these millions; he talked in a language they could understand; and he had unbounded courage and energy.

Typical Scenes in the Next Seventeen Years. For the next seventeen years he kept pounding away along the lines he had laid down for the coming revolution. All but two of those years he spent in exile. His salary, paid by the workers through their party organization, was but thirty dollars a month, and then only when the treasury could afford it. He lived a Spartan life, denied himself medical care because of its expense, changed his name and his residence when Russia's secret service got too hot upon his trail, wrangled with other party leaders through countless disagreements over policies, and through it all kept his mighty pen ceaselessly producing editorials, articles, speeches, and books designed to encourage the ever-growing numbers of those who dared to follow where he led. We cannot present, in the limited space of this sketch, the details of his titanic toil, but we may show him in a few typical scenes.

The first finds him in Munich whither he has come to edit *Iskra.* Krupskaya, upon her release from exile, has followed and found him only after difficulty; for he has taken the name Maier, and his letters to her have miscarried. They are living in one room of a small house of a German workman. The German, his wife, and six children occupy the other rooms—a kitchen and bedroom. In these cramped quarters the Lenins edit *Iskra,* and Lenin works upon his book, *What Is to Be Done?* Krupskaya prepares their meals in their room and cooks them upon the common stove in the kitchen.

As he writes he first sits at his desk and meditates, then rises and walks back and forth the length of the room, uttering his thoughts half-aloud, and finally returns to the desk and writes down what he has spoken. In the afternoons he takes long walks with Krupskaya through the country around Munich while they discuss plans for the paper and the book. Sometimes there are long arguments with his colleagues, Plekhanov and Axelrod, and especially with a journalist named Martov who seems to have the faculty for talking six hours at a stretch until Lenin's head aches with fatigue. Out of such experiences comes his insistence in his paper that the party needs more skilled technicians in its leadership. "One technician is worth twenty ordinary communists," he writes. Months of this. But the paper increases in circulation (it is smuggled into Russia in the false bottoms of trunks of returning comrades); and somehow Lenin completes his book, outlining the steps the Russian revolutionary groups must take to reach their goal. By this time the Munich printer who has published *Iskra* for them becomes fearful and decides that he can no longer take the risk. So, after much debate, the editorial council moves its publication headquarters to London.

The next scene is in London. Lenin and Krupskaya have made the acquaintance of Russian exiles there and studied the English labor movement. A typical Sunday evening, after their week's work on *Iskra,* finds them—of all places—in a church. For in London some of the

progressive ministers have been sympathetic with labor and have encouraged labor leaders to come and take part in forums where their common problems might be freely discussed. On this particular evening at such a church Lenin listens to a worker read from the Bible the story of labor's first great walk-out—the exodus of the Jews from Egypt. According to the worker this symbolized the flight of the workers from the realm of capitalism into the realm of socialism. After the address and discussion the whole congregation rises and sings a hymn: "Lord, lead us from capitalism into the realm of socialism!" Lenin is much impressed. The churches in Russia hold no such meetings!

It is in London that Lenin first meets Trotsky. The latter, a young writer of great ability and Marxian views, has escaped from exile in Siberia. He has come straight to London to find the man whose fame has reached him across thousands of miles. Upon the arrival of his train at dawn one morning, he seeks out the modest home of the Lenins. He knocks at their door, using the peculiar knock that the revolutionaries have adopted as a kind of password. Lenin, still in bed, receives his young caller with justifiable surprise; but soon they are talking eagerly and frankly of their hopes and plans for the revolution. Thus begins their long and exciting association. It will be frequently ruptured by violent quarrels over policies and method, but healed again by their devotion to their common goal.

Now comes one of the most difficult and discouraging scenes of these years. It is in 1903 at the Second Congress of the Social-Democratic Labor Party—a meeting begun at Brussels but moved to London when the Belgian authorities interfered. Some forty-eight delegates have come from Russia to attend it, and they have split into two camps—the Reformists (or Revisionists) and the Revolutionists. These camps represent a cleavage that has been taking place among socialists of all countries. The Reformists believe that the principles of socialism can be realized gradually through an evolutionary process by reforming capitalism step by step in the direction of socialist goals. The Revolutionists believe that this is a false hope and that the socialist state can be built only after a complete overthrow of the capitalistic order. Lenin has long since made up his mind as a Revolutionist. To him the road of compromise is a blind alley. But some of his associates on the editorial board of *Iskra* and many of the other party leaders oppose him. The controversy becomes heated and bitter.

Perhaps because he has suffered a physical breakdown and been confined to his bed for two weeks he is less patient and more irritable than is his wont. At any rate he berates mercilessly the reformists; they are deluded fools, they are betraying Marxist principles, they are undermining the cause of the workers everywhere. In turn they denounce him as autocratic, pigheaded, one-sided, narrow, suspicious, and unsociable.

Even Trotsky, who already admires him and later becomes convinced that he is right, here charges him with playing the part of destroyer of the party. But Lenin thinks of himself not as a destroyer but as a purger. He wants the party cleansed of ideas that are hostile to its welfare. He challenges the delegates to take the straight and narrow path of socialism and not be tempted into the alluring byways of opportunism. When the vote comes upon his proposal to establish, in addition to the party headquarters in Russia, a second headquarters abroad which should have supreme authority, he wins by a slim majority—25 to 23. Hereafter the wing of the party supporting Lenin is known as the Bolshevik (the majority) and the other wing as the Menshevik (the minority).

A year later—and a gray one for Lenin. He is wandering with Krupskaya among the mountains of Switzerland, perplexed and discouraged. He is out of a job and out of power. In the months following the Second Congress he has found that it is one thing to win a majority vote and quite another to persuade the minority to accept it or be co-operative. The divisions in the party and in the editorial board of *Iskra* have become so acute and intolerable that he has resigned from the central committee of the party and from the editorship of the paper. The Mensheviki are now in complete control. It is a wilderness year for the prophet. Yet he is not idle; knapsack on his back, he climbs the mountains all day long seeking health for his

weary body and peace for his despairing mind. In the evenings he studies, writes, and confers with friends upon his course for the future. Out of these months come eventually (1) a pamphlet, *One Step Forward, Two Steps Back,* summarizing his view of the turn in party program, and (2) a plan for a new journal, *Forward,* to voice the views of the uncompromising revolutionists.

Less than a year passes, and now comes an event that gives dramatic force to Lenin's argument against trifling with attempts at reforming the czarist government. The Russo-Japanese war has ended disastrously for the Russians, and rumblings of discontent have risen from workers and peasants who have undergone hunger and hardship. To placate them, the Czar has made a few concessions, officially approving labor unions (when properly supervised by government agents), and granting greater freedom of speech. But these concessions, while encouraging to the revisionists, have not put bread in the mouths of the hungry. On Sunday, January 22, 1905, many of the poorest peasants, not revolutionaries but simply destitute men, under the leadership of a priest, Father Gapon, march to the Winter Palace to present humbly a petition to the Czar begging him to "take pity on their sufferings." When they reach the Palace they find the guards drawn up, ready to receive them. As the peasants stand patiently waiting to be heard, the guards are commanded to open

fire. More than two hundred of the peasants are slaughtered on the spot.

As news of this bloody massacre spreads throughout Russia the misery of the people turns to black hatred. This one act of terrorism of the Czar creates more revolutionists than all the propaganda of the agitators. Temporize with such a government? To what end? It must be crushed, destroyed, and forever prevented from regaining power. Lenin wants to return immediately and organize this spirit of rebellion into membership for the Social-Democratic Labor Party, but it is not possible for him to return. However, he is not forgotten. Father Gapon himself, heretofore no revolutionary, now hastens to leave Russia and to come directly to Lenin, who questions the priest in detail about the affair. Lenin prints the whole story in *Forward* and asks how the reformists feel about this test of their theories. The outrage has yet another result: from this time on Lenin is convinced that the revolution cannot be accomplished without bloodshed; therefore the workers must be supplied with arms and disciplined in their use. With Father Gapon he organizes a Fighting Committee of Bolsheviks and works out plans for obtaining guns from British sources. He begins also for himself a serious study of military strategy and the technique of war.

It is December, 1905. The Czar's government, having learned nothing from the consequences of its massacre of the pleading peasants in January, has now

determined to use further violence in quelling the growing spirit of rebellion among the masses. In the intervening months it has made a feeble attempt at more liberal measures by allowing a small representation of workers in the newly established Duma or parliament. But when these representatives have shown their ingratitude by not voting as the government has wished, the Czar has dissolved the Duma and arrested all the members of the St. Petersburg Soviet. (The word Soviet means Council. The Soviets have been established this year—1905—as Councils of Workers. From these Soviets have been elected the representatives of labor sent to the Duma.)

But the government has reckoned without Lenin, who has secretly returned to Russia, and the work he and Maxim Gorky and other colleagues have been doing during these months. They have spread their propaganda through the Soviets and developed careful plans for meeting violence with violence. Hearing of the arrest of the members of the St. Petersburg Soviet, the members of the Moscow Soviet declare a general strike which meets with astonishing response. The workers not only strike; they commandeer arms and ammunition from local storehouses and from returning soldiers who are glad enough to co-operate. The government forces, instead of directing their efforts against the armed strikers, bring out their artillery and fire shells indiscriminately into the populace—the men, women, and children in the streets of Moscow. This

brutal action accomplishes nothing except the uniting of the whole civil population, conservatives and radicals alike, against the government. For five days the strikers battle the trained soldiers of the Czar but finally have to admit defeat. Thereupon Count Witte, the Czar's strong-arm man in charge of his forces, gives the people a new lesson in terrorism. He arrests and hangs without trial a thousand persons and imprisons seventy thousand more. In his *Memoirs* the Count declares, "Men and women, adults and mere youngsters are executed alike for political assassination and robbing a vodka shop of five rubles." The people learn well this lesson in terrorism. Someday they will apply it.

Determined to stamp out all opposition, the government now outlaws the Bolshevik party and hunts down its leaders. It exiles or imprisons or executes them without mercy. Lenin secretly continues his activities for a while; but when his arrest is imminent (he knows that it means certain death), he quietly slips out of the country. He goes first to Finland and some months later to Geneva, and later still to Cracow. He lives always in the working-class quarters of the cities. Wherever he dwells, his house becomes the rendezvous for Russian revolutionaries and his brain their directing genius. His chief tasks through these hunted years are to try to unite the peasants with the industrial workers and to keep up the spirits of his fellow Bolsheviks while they bide the coming of the inevitable revolution. To these ends he edits one paper after another, continuing each

until it is suppressed. Between the end of one paper and the beginning of the next he mimeographs his articles and smuggles them back to Russia. Much of his time and energy must go to debating the underlying philosophy of the new social order for which he works, for many revolutionists have ideas at variance with his Marxian principles. Now and then some Judas betrays him and nearly wrecks his work. Through it all he keeps up his own courage and his unshaken confidence in the ultimate victory of his cause. And he listens—listens to fishermen, factory workers, exiles, peasants, as they tell him their troubles and how life goes on among their comrades in Russia. He prefers hearing the simple story of some old peasant woman to reading any official report. And the humble people go back to their communities with new hope in their hearts. They respect other leaders; they love Lenin.

The World War comes. He sees his organization and his followers dwindle away at the call of the Czar "for all real patriots" to fight to save the fatherland from the foreign aggressor. It is an old, old call. Nothing so comes to the aid of a crumbling government as a foreign war and the appeal to patriotism. Lenin is heartsick. He tells the workers that they have no stake in this war; that it is waged by capitalists seeking new power and new markets; that the people will give their blood and have only increased misery in return; that the socialists must be loyal to the common people in all countries, even those of the enemy. But

they will not heed him now. The Fatherland! The Fatherland! They love it in spite of all their sufferings, and they must defend it now. He sees the socialists in every country, enemy and ally alike, bewitched by the same appeal. Throughout the world the socialists desert their principles, put on khaki, take up bayonets, and follow their national flags to kill their comrades under other flags. There is nothing for him to do but wait until the carnage is over and the masses, disillusioned, return. For three years he waits. Bitter years! Soul-wrenching years! Only Krupskaya stands by him. Krupskaya, with "her absolutely puritanical simplicity, her hair smoothly combed back and tied in a simple knot, with her cheap plain dress," never wavers in her loyalty.

Early in the war, when he is living in Cracow, he is arrested by the Austrian police as a Russian spy. Lenin, a spy for the Czar! It is as if George Washington were arrested as a spy for George III. The only evidence is that he has been often seen riding his bicycle along a path next to the railroad on his way to the post office; he must be studying the railroad and planning to wreck it. He is thrown into prison. Military courts have a way of shooting spies first and trying them afterward. He is saved from this fate by the intervention of Austrian friends who identify him as an enemy of the Russian government and one who may do it more harm alive than dead. Released, Lenin and

Krupskaya go to Switzerland—and wait and plan, plan and wait.

The Revolution. At last the great day comes. In February, 1917, the first Revolution breaks. The people have had enough of the Czar and the war, of hunger and privation. One million, seven hundred thousand of their sons have been killed and nearly five million wounded. Two million, five hundred thousand more are languishing in foreign prisons. Stories have come back from the front of corruption among the Russian generals—stories of how some of them, for bribes, have permitted the German high command actually to direct the placing of the Russian armies so as to make them easy targets for German attack; stories of one battle in which thousands of Russian soldiers have been deliberately marched into a swamp and there drowned or slaughtered; stories of regiments without guns or ammunition sent to face the enemy's deadly fire. Doubtless these stories are exaggerated, but the people have believed them. Are they not of a piece with all their past experience under the Czar? Starvation has recently sharpened their miseries. The daily allowance of bread has fallen to a quarter of a pound. All day long they have waited in breadlines and then been told, often as not, that there was none to be had. They have found this a lie, for some of them have discovered the bread rotting in the cellars of the stations. The government has treated them thus only to put the fear of the Lord into them, to make them more abject, more

terrified. Had not brutality put down the Moscow revolt of 1905? If starvation does not turn the trick now, the Cossacks can again be called into action and bullets pumped into the hungry hordes of men, women, and children.

But the stupid government has missed its guess. On this cold February day, when the command is given the Cossacks to attack the great mob of suffering people shivering in the streets of St. Petersburg, the Cossacks do not fire. Instead, they ride quietly among the people assuring them that there will be no attack—they, the Cossacks, are with them. It seems incredible, too good to be true.

Three days later, in Moscow, a more convincing incident occurs. There, in the great square near the railway station, another huge mob has assembled, begging for bread. An infantry officer has commanded his company to shoot. But no trigger is pulled. The officer again gives the command—and still no volley. A student jeers at the officer who, in a rage, thrusts him through. A Cossack on the opposite side of the square draws his sword, puts spurs to his horse, and, riding across the square like an avenging Fury, cuts the officer down. Promptly a cry goes up from the mob, "The soldiers *are* with us! . . . The revolution! The revolution is on!"

Lenin, in far-away Switzerland, hears this cry. Contriving, after the greatest of difficulty, to escape his exile, he makes his way across hostile Germany and

reaches St. Petersburg early in April. Meanwhile the Czar has abdicated, and a provisional government of liberals has been set up. Lenin in tattered clothing steps from the train and is greeted by the joyful shouts of workers and peasants welcoming him home. Always, before this, he has had to slip quietly into the city to avoid the police; now he can enter with his head up and his friends around him. Before he leaves the station he makes a speech, but one that breathes no triumph. He tells the people that the revolution is not over; it has only begun. The abdication of the Czar is but the first stage. They must not support the new government. While liberal, it is still capitalistic; it does not and cannot accept the Marxian goal of a classless society, the abolition of private property, and the ownership by the state of all land and industries. Further, this new government will ask the workers to continue the war, which is a war between capitalistic nations. The Russian people have nothing to gain and everything to lose in it. Finally, the revolution will not be really over and victorious until the Soviets are not simply a part of the government but all of it. This speech explodes a bombshell not only under the new liberal republican government but among the Bolshevik leaders as well. Why, they argue, must this man be so uncompromising? Why not be content with half a loaf when they have been so long without any? But the workers and the peasants understand and cheer him. They lift him to the roof of an armored car and parade

him through the streets of the city, pausing now and then to have him address the crowds that throng about him.

An American reporter, Lincoln Steffens, is on the scene during the turbulent days that follow, his brilliant pen drawing a luminous picture of the masses and their relation to Lenin just after the first provisional government has fallen and a new one been organized under Kerensky:

The first time I went to the immense hall where the first Soviet met I was halted, as by a blow, by the stink of the mob inside, and I could see the steam rising, as from a herd of cattle, over those sweating, debating delegates. They lived there. Once inside they stayed inside. They cooked and they ate there, and you saw men sleeping in corners and around the edges of the hall. No hours were kept. When delegates were tired, they lay down, leaving the majority to carry on; when they were rested, they woke to the endless, uninterrupted debate going. But they did come to conclusions, that mob of Man, and their conclusions were a credit to the species.

The first law passed by that representative, stinking mass put them ahead of our clean, civilized leading nations. It was against capital punishment. As if Man in his natural state wished not to kill. And the second law was against war and empire: the Russian people should never conquer and govern any other people. . . .

Watching that mass meeting of delegates was like seeing the historical development of human government out of chaos. One could see that there was good will

in men, plenty of it, and that, left to itself, its ideals and purposes were noble. Contempt for man, pessimism melted away. . . .

. . . A mob in doubt would turn away, and leaving one crowd to stay and watch, the committee of hundreds would march off across the city, picking up other crowds to go and stand in front of the palace of the Czar's mistress, where "a man named Lenin," seeing them, would come out and speak. He spoke briefly, in a quiet tone of voice, so low that few could hear him. But when he had finished those who had heard moved away; the mass closed up; the orator repeated his speech, and so for an hour or two the man named Lenin would deliver to the ever-changing masses his firm, short, quiet message. . . .

"Comrades, the revolution is on. The workers' revolution is on, and you are not working. The workers' and peasants' revolution means work, comrades; it does not mean idleness and leisure. That is a bourgeois ideal. The workers' revolution, a workers' government, means work, that all shall work; and here you are not working. You are only talking.

"Oh, I can understand how you, the people of Russia, having been suppressed so long, should want, now that you have won to power, to talk and to listen to orators. But some day, soon, you—we all—must go to work and do things, act, produce results—food and socialism. And I can understand how you like and trust and put your hope in Kerensky. You want to give him time, a chance, to act. He means well, you say. He means socialism. But I warn you he will not make socialism. He may think socialism, he may mean socialism. But, comrades,"—and here he began to burn—"I tell you Kerensky is an intellectual; he *cannot* act; he can talk;

he cannot *act*. But," quietly again, "you will not believe this yet. You will take time to give him time, and meanwhile, like Kerensky, you will not work. Very well, take your time. But"—he flamed—"when the hour strikes, when you are ready to go back yourselves to work and you want a government that will go to work and not only think socialism and talk socialism and mean socialism—when you want a government that will *do* socialism, then—come to the Bolsheviki." [5]

A few days later Lenin publishes in *Pravda,* his latest and strongest paper, his program. He demands the "confiscation of all private lands; immediate merger of all the banks in the country into one general bank; immediate placing of the Soviet of Workers' Deputies in control of social production and distribution of goods." The provisional government, under Kerensky, rejects this program and orders the arrest of Lenin, Trotsky, and other leading Bolsheviks. It charges them with being "pro-German!" It also demands, as Lenin has predicted, that the war go on, and calls upon the people to make new sacrifices for it.

Again Lenin flees for his life. He and one comrade find refuge in a village not far from St. Petersburg where they live in a haystack and help the farmers with the harvest. When cold weather comes, Lenin, in disguise, crosses to Finland where the friendly chief of police of Helsingfors shelters him in his own home and

[5] *The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens,* Harcourt, Brace & Company, New York, 1931, pp. 759-761. Used by permission.

supplies him daily with papers from Russia. Each morning Lenin sends an article back to Russia for secret publication there—an article commenting on the day's news and the rapidly approaching crisis, and urging his followers to make no compromise.

Lenin in Power. October comes. Lenin, certain now that the day of judgment for the new government has arrived, returns to St. Petersburg. On the twenty-fourth day of the month the second revolution breaks. This time the Bolsheviks are ready. Their soldiers occupy the telegraph office, the bridges of the Neva, the post office, and the State Bank. The government troops desert Kerensky and join the forces of the revolutionists. They storm and capture the Winter Palace. Kerensky himself flees. Lenin, hastily elected President of the Council of People's Commissars, takes command of the civil arms of the government. A few hours later he is telephoning the headquarters of the army. Fülöp-Miller reports the conversation:

"Are you empowered to negotiate in the name of the District Committee of the Army and Navy?" Lenin inquires.

"Certainly," is the answer from the officer who has announced himself as a social-revolutionary.

"Are you in position to send a large number of minelayers and warships to Petrograd immediately?"

"I will ask the Commander of the Baltic Fleet to come to the telephone."

"We need," explains Lenin, "as many bayonets as

possible, but only soldiers who are heart and soul with us. How many such can you locate?"

"Five thousand. We can despatch the troops to Petersburg at once."

"With the most rapid means of transport possible, how soon can you guarantee the arrival of the military forces?"

"In twenty-four hours at most. . . ."

"Then I request you . . . to despatch the troops at once. You may know that a new government has been formed. How was this news received by the Kronstadt Soviet?"

"With great enthusiasm."

"Then," orders Lenin, "please see that the infantry regiments, adequately equipped, are started immediately." [6]

He is now the undisputed master of Russia. Her hundred and fifty millions look to him to lead them out of their long captivity under tyranny, ignorance, and want. This is the moment for which he has planned and waited for more than thirty years. Now at last he has the opportunity to apply the Marxian philosophy which thus far he has preached. The old order is crushed; can he build the new one, and will it be that classless society in which justice prevails and the people have land and liberty and permanent peace?

The obstacles are enormous. The treasury is empty, the army demoralized, the old bureaucracy lazy and obstructive, the masses illiterate, and the screaming

[6] Quoted by René Fülöp-Miller, *Lenin and Gandhi,* G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1930, pp. 86-87.

distances of the vast country almost unspanned by means of communication and transportation. Scarcely a farm has any but the most primitive plows—most of them little better than sharpened sticks—and the shortage of food is acute. Other countries are already preparing a blockade which will mean starvation for tens of thousands. The German armies are making ready for a fresh attack upon the western borders. The deposed Kerensky is organizing another counter-revolution. The old-order capitalists are plotting their return to power. Every government in the world hopes Lenin will fail. An assassin's knife or bullet awaits only the opportunity to strike him down. When, in all history, has the head of a new government faced such a staggering array of difficulties?

Yet the next five years prove that his genius as a builder, organizer, and administrator is even greater than his power as a destroyer. Without an hour's delay he sets to work. He moves the capital from St. Petersburg on the border to Moscow, nearer the center of the country. There in two rooms in the Kremlin he and Krupskaya make their home, continuing the Spartan simplicity to which they have disciplined themselves through the years of preparation. Within a few months he concludes the war with Germany, preferring to accept harsh peace terms than to exhaust still further his country's resources of blood and materials.

Turning to domestic rehabilitation, he makes the Soviets the basic unit of the new government. Until

now, in spite of his efforts from Switzerland, nearly all of these workers' councils have been confined to the industrial areas. He extends them to include the peasants from one end of the country to the other. This alone is an achievement unparalleled in the art of government. For the vast majority of the peasants can still not read or write; they have had no experience with government except to bow to its decrees; and they have a serf mentality. Lenin sends a small army of workers to teach them how to organize themselves, how to elect their representatives to larger units, and how to make their will known to the central government. Hereafter the seat of authority in the government of Russia is lodged in these soviets, organized by industries (including agriculture). Every peasant and industrial worker in the country belongs to some soviet through which he expresses his vote and receives in turn his government's orders. The central government, made up of elected representatives of the various industrial and agricultural soviets, takes as its name the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

While this new machinery of legislation and administration—the first of its kind in the world—is being set up, Lenin rules the country as a dictator. He must; there is no other way. He has to do things "with practically nothing but his own brain, his own will power, and a theory." Again and again in speeches he makes clear to the workers and peasants the goal toward which he works:

Support this state that I represent, this beastly political bureaucracy; it is needed now to make wars, civil and foreign. But observe that alongside of *this thing that I bid you hate and obey, temporarily, we are building an organization of all industry, and when that is ready, then smash the state.* Live only in and by the industrial organization which will subject you for a few hours a day or a year to the severest discipline of absolute government in the shop, but outside the shop, after you have done your part, it will not govern you at all. Outside of your working hours you shall be free.[7]

He emphasizes repeatedly that his is a revolutionary government with an evolutionary plan. That plan is to create an economic democracy first, and later—it may take years or generations—a political democracy. Other nations have sought political democracy first, but seen it defeated by an industrial autocracy and its attendant evils of the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few, the insecurity of the many, and the scandals of graft, corruption, and special privilege. Russia will begin by creating an economic base on which these evils cannot grow, for the people as a whole now own the land, the industries, and the natural resources and there will be no private profit or special privilege.

Such is his theory. But this is not all. He holds before them a dream. Owning their vast natural resources, they will develop them for the common good. Every farm, every shop, every home will some day be

[7] The italics are mine. F. E.

electrified. Power machinery will supplant the back-breaking primitive tools they now use. Tractors, multiple plows, automobiles, good roads—all the complicated mechanisms of modern scientific engineering—will be introduced. It will be *theirs,* the people's, to help them transform the wilderness into a land of plenty. But they must first learn how to use these new tools. Schools will be started; every man, woman, boy, and girl will have an opportunity to learn how to read and write. Books, magazines, and motion pictures will educate them in the new way of life. It will all take work, much work, but it will come. Let them go back now to their farms and shops, organize and work through their soviets. Step by step they shall create here in Russia the promised land. Some day all the world will follow where they lead.

But the deposed politicians, nobles, capitalists, and czarist sympathizers want none of this. The bankers refuse to open their safes; Lenin blasts them open with dynamite. The old bureaucrats of the civil service hinder his every movement by laziness or hostility or red tape; Lenin clears out the whole lot and puts in their place Bolshevik leaders who share his vision. Throughout the first few months he opposes all use of capital punishment against his enemies. He prefers to persuade. He warns his followers against making the death penalty a tool of the Bolshevik party, reminding them of how it had become a boomerang to the leaders of the French Revolution.

Meanwhile, the counter revolution sets in, headed by Kerensky and a coalition of the former nobles, capitalists, and politicians. It fans the flames of discontent kindled in the minds of the ignorant by a severe famine. Kerensky manages to recruit an army and to send it against Lenin's. But Kerensky's soldiers are only half-hearted. As they march, they question among themselves whether it is right for them to attack their fellow countrymen of the revolutionary army. After only one engagement they decide it is not right and surrender. Kerensky again takes refuge in flight.

Yet this is not the end of armed attacks against Lenin's government. For nearly two years one counter-revolution after the other, instigated and financed first by Germany and then by the allies, keeps the country in a turmoil and drains its resources. Commenting on these foreign interventions, General Graves, who commanded the United States Army in one of them, has written in his book, *America's Siberian Adventure*: "There were horrible murders committed, but they were not committed by the Bolsheviks, as the world believes. I am well on the side of safety when I say that the anti-Bolsheviks killed one hundred people in Eastern Siberia to every one killed by the Bolsheviks."

In August, 1918, Lenin is shot by an assassin, Dora Kaplan, who opposes his political and economic views. He takes but three weeks in the country to recover and then returns to his desk to work his usual sixteen to eighteen hours a day. But the attack has two important

results: his own health is never strong again, and the Bolsheviks are stronger than ever. For the people throughout Russia suddenly realize how much the success of their revolution depends upon Lenin and his party. A great wave of affection rolls up from their hearts, and they are more determined than ever to resist the counter-revolutions.

And now a new crisis confronts him. Weakened by the fearful losses of the great war, the devastation of the famine, and the scarcity of food and materials brought about by the blockade and the counter-revolutions, the country in 1920 is on the verge of collapse. The revolution has not had time to establish the new order or to introduce the machinery needed to increase production. Hunger again stalks the land. Here and there a riot breaks out and shops are pillaged. Without waiting for the trouble to spread, or even to secure the approval of the other leaders of the party, Lenin decrees a New Economic Policy. Under its provisions the central control of production and distribution is relaxed; each peasant, instead of being required to put his entire crop at the disposal of the state, is given a definite quota to supply for the state's needs and allowed to keep the surplus for private trading; former traders and small merchants are permitted to resume business and to make a certain amount of private profit; concessions are granted to foreign capitalists to develop industrial production. Here is a distinct compromise with the old capitalistic system!

It requires all his prestige to put this new system into effect and to persuade the other leaders that this is not a scuttling of the Marxian principles. Instead, he insists, it is a bold application of the dialetic principle of correcting the theory in accord with actual experience. He holds that the government still owns the land and the natural resources. Its control over them is strong enough to prevent the new policy from going beyond the point where it will cease to be useful in supplying the immediate needs of the people.

The policy goes into effect in 1921 and soon "the deserted streets take on fresh life . . . foodstuffs appear in the markets, and economic commerce with Western Europe and America, which has been completely suspended for many years, begins to revive." Further, there begins a flow of American engineers and scientists to Russia, installing machinery and teaching young Russians how to use it and to make more of it from the metals dug from Russian mines. "This bold decision," says Fülöp-Miller, "suddenly to replace the existing communist organization of trade and industry by a capitalistic system, is certainly one of the most amazing examples of Lenin's capacity for adapting himself to the conditions of the moment, and not shrinking even from actions which were bound to make his loyalty suspect even in the eyes of his followers." Lenin sees it as in no sense a desertion of his ultimate goal but as an immediate and practical necessity to save the people from unnecessary misery and to preserve

the solid gains of the revolution from disintegration. It succeeds in both.

His Death, His Accomplishment, and His Power. But himself he cannot save. Worn out by the strain of these five years of incessant toil, his health breaks. The arteries of his brain harden. Stroke after stroke of paralysis attacks him until on January 21, 1924, he passes into the unknown. Ever since then has waged the debate concerning the quality of his greatness and the enduring value of his contribution to human life. At his death there was no dearth of predictions that his work would fail and he himself pass into history as one more dictator who had mounted to power on a shaky edifice bound to totter and crash when the master hand that held it together relaxed its grip.

Twenty-five years have elapsed, and Russia has maintained a rapid progress in her industrial and agricultural development. Her standard of living has steadily advanced. Her schools have conquered the illiteracy that kept in ignorance nearly ninety per cent of her people; today more than ninety per cent of her people are literate. Every citizen in all that vast Union of Soviet Socialist Republics is guaranteed by its Constitution five rights: (1) *the right to work*—every adult has a job; (2) *the right to play*—no one can be employed for more than seven hours a day or thirty-five hours in a six-day week; (3) *the right to an education*—tuition in primary and secondary schools and in colleges is provided by the state; (4) *the right to medi-*

cal care—provided by the state; and (5) *the right to security in sickness and old age*—pensions are provided by the state. No other nation has yet been able to guarantee these rights to its citizens. All this is the fruit of the seed planted by Lenin.

On the other hand, Russia's millions are today under a dictatorship which brooks no political opposition, maintains a strict censorship of press and speech and radio, and conducts frequent "purges." Little personal freedom is permitted to express one's own views, except as they fit into the general framework of the Marxian philosophy. The supreme loyalty of the individual is demanded for the state, not for God or conscience. Men may worship as they please, but they may not propagate religion. Are these, too, the fruit of Lenin's seed? Or are they the corruptions introduced by the second generation of Bolsheviks? The historians and biographers differ.

However much they differ concerning the validity of his theory or the permanence of his work, they agree upon this: he was a supreme example of a man motivated by a single purpose. Gamaliel Bradford wrote, "Nicolai Lenin lived and died with one paramount objective, to overturn the world organization of society in such a way that wealth, leisure, and the means of happiness should not be confined to a small class, but should be fairly distributed among the vast masses who perform the useful labor of the world." Toward that end he sacrificed personal comfort, safety, security,

and, in the end, his own life. Holding steadily to that purpose, he suffered prison or exile through more than twenty-five years of his adult life. He had only five years of free activity in which to try to realize that purpose in Russia. In these five years, working out the plans he had so carefully drafted, he labored indefatigably to "establish order, destroy capitalist power, crush out . . . counter-revolutions, secure peace, give the land back to the people, and conquer famine." Only a man with a high vision, a steadfast purpose, a resolute will, an unflagging energy, a supreme selflessness, the mind of a great statesman, and a heart that beat in tune with his people could have done it. In those qualities lay the sources of his power.

"Lenin," said Thomas Mann, himself a prophet in exile, "was undoubtedly a phenomenon of the century, a human organism of new democratically titanic proportions, a powerful combination of the 'will to power' and asceticism, a great pope of the idea. . . ."

Emil Ludwig, meditating on the power of this man, wrote:

Lenin had courage and intelligence, faith and integrity; and with such qualities behind his enormous vitality he was able to hold a steady and unwavering course. . . . It demonstrates to us today—as has been true of the past and must be true of the future—the will of one man, if he is guided by a consistent purpose, is capable of shaping the lives of millions. Considering him as an idealist who attempted to put his concepts

into practice, we find his career a model of courage, independence, and unselfishness.[8]

James Maxton concludes his admirable biography of Lenin with this judgment:

One looks back through history in vain to find someone with whom comparison is possible. In the story of religious struggles there are instances of greater devotion and sacrifices for a cause. In the stories of war there are greater generals. In political life there have been more subtle statesmen. But nowhere is to be found in any single man the peculiar combination of devotion, courage, wisdom, skill, and human understanding except in the man Lenin, who will live in history under the name he chose when his work was carried on in underground cellars, when he was an outcast in the land of which he was to become the unchallenged ruler.[9]

Lenin himself used to care more for the testimony of a simple peasant or industrial worker than for any amount of official opinion. He tested his policies by their effect on the lives of the humblest citizens. It may not be amiss, therefore, if the author of this sketch records here an interview with an elderly woman in a large factory in Moscow. I visited this factory in 1936 and received permission to ask any of its thousands of workers any question I wished. I selected this woman

[8] *Genius and Character,* Harcourt, Brace & Company, New York, 1927, p. 149. Used by permission.

[9] *Lenin,* D. Appleton, New York, 1932, pp. 169-170.

who seemed to have a kindly and intelligent face. On her dress she wore a badge indicating that she belonged to "The Order of Lenin." She told me that it was an honor she had earned by her faithful work in this factory for more than twenty years.

"Then you were here before the revolution?" I asked.

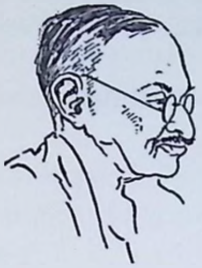
"Yes."

"Will you tell me what differences have come in your own life and work which you think are due to the revolution?"

Her face beamed. "Oh, so many differences! Before the revolution, when I came to the factory, I had to leave my children alone. There was no school, no kindergarten, no park. I worried about them. I worked long hours—eleven or twelve—every day and for very low wages. When my boss did not like my work he beat me and sometimes kicked me. When times were bad, or I was ill, I was laid off without pay. I had no security." She saddened at the recollection, but now she beamed again. "Now it is all different. My home is nicer; we have more to eat—and shoes—we all have shoes. When I come to work, my grandchildren who live with me go to the state kindergarten or to the parks under the care of a teacher. I have no worry for them. Here at the shop there is more light and air. And warm lunches. The pay is good. No one beats me. If I think I am not treated right in any way I can make my complaint to the workers' committee. If they agree,

I get justice. If they don't, I know I must be wrong. When I am ill and have to stay at home, I still receive pay. In another year I shall retire on a pension for the rest of my life. Yes, it is all very different. I am happy now!"

Lenin would have liked that.



GANDHI

1869 - ----

When, in 1922, Gandhi came into court to plead guilty as a criminal in the eyes of the law, the whole court rose in an act of sincere and spontaneous homage to him. Unrepentant and cheerful, he begged for the extreme penalty. The judge sentenced him to six years in prison, but treated him with the utmost respect and closed his verdict with this tribute: "I cannot refrain from saying that you belong to a different category from any person I have ever tried or am likely to have to try."

"A different category." Beyond doubt! To more than three hundred million Indians he is Mahatma—"great soul." Even newspaper reporters from America and England write reverently, comparing him with the

foremost religious leaders of all time. His biographers speak in superlatives. John Gunther calls him "an incredible combination of Jesus Christ, Tammany Hall, and your father, the greatest Indian since Buddha . . . a dictator who rules by love." C. F. Andrews declares he is "the St. Francis of the modern age, the Little Brother of the Poor." Tagore, who does not always agree with Gandhi, holds that "he is not only the greatest man in India, he is the greatest man on earth today."

Yet Gandhi himself claims no supernatural powers. "I have no special revelations of God's will," he insists. "My firm belief is that he reveals himself daily to every human being, but that we shut our ears to the 'still small voice.' I claim to be nothing but a humble servant of India and humanity. I have no desire to found a sect. . . . I endeavor to follow and represent truth as I know it. . . ." Again, "I make no claim to superhuman powers. I am as subject to error as the weakest among us. My services have many limitations; but God has up to now blessed them in spite of the imperfections."

Add to this disclaimer his physical appearance. In stature and feature he certainly is one of the least impressive of men. His enemy, Sir George Lloyd, former Governor of Bombay, did not stray from the truth when he described Gandhi as "just a thin, spindly, shrimp of a fellow." He weighs only about a hundred pounds, has large ears and no teeth, and dresses in a homespun loin cloth and scarf, leaving naked the rest of

his scrawny body. His feet, too, are bare except for sandals when outdoors. His head is shaven. He wears large glasses usually set crookedly upon his prominent nose. He carries a spinning reel and uses it wherever he goes. He lives on a tiny daily allowance of goat's milk, fruits, and vegetables.

Despite his insignificant appearance and his disclaimer of superhuman powers, hundreds of millions of Indians revere him as a deity. Princes kiss his feet. Peasants kiss the sand where he has walked. Thousands, even tens of thousands, follow him about when he makes a public appearance. Poor farmers come twenty miles just to see his train pass. They keep his photograph in their homes and hold their children before it to heal them of sickness. When he goes to prison, thousands of young Indians besiege other prison gates begging to be arrested on the same charge. When he fasts in protest against some political or social evil, the British government grows jittery. For he sways three hundred million people as no other human being sways them; they answer his beck and call. They love him. If he should die in prison or during one of his fasts, the wave of revenge against Britain that would surge up from their hearts would probably sweep to destruction the whole structure of British rule in India. While he lives he is a mighty force for moderation, holding in leash the passions of his people, and striving through non-violent means to achieve Indian independence and a new way of life for his country.

Kirby Page toured India a few years ago in order to see, through American eyes, Gandhi's people and Gandhi himself. He came back with this eloquent appraisal upon his pen:

He is now leading a movement for the liberty of his three hundred million countrymen which may yet threaten the very foundations of the mightiest empire of this era. No Cromwell, no Mazzini, no Washington ever desired freedom more passionately than does this saint in politics. Without machine guns, bombing planes, and poison gas, he and his followers are bidding defiance to the most powerfully armed nation in the world. With his people steeped in ignorance, enervated by climate and disease, paralyzed by social custom, and torn by factional antagonisms, he goes forward unperturbed by fear or doubt as to the ultimate success of his cause. On a scale never before equaled in an actual political situation, he is pitting soul-force against brute-force and is attempting to overcome evil without hatred or violence. Unique among nationalists, he seeks independence for his people by peaceful means. Differ with his judgment at a hundred points as you may, you cannot escape the spell of his personality. His serenity approaches that of Buddha; his faith is as unfaltering as that of St. Paul; his courage equals that of Garibaldi; his love reminds one of St. Francis.[1]

How did this frail little man come to belong to this "different category" in which the English judge placed him? Not by being a lover of liberty. Not by being

[1] Kirby Page, *Is Mahatma Gandhi the Greatest Man of the Age?* published by Kirby Page, 1930, p. 4.

a revolutionist. Not even by being a great thinker. He belongs to it first and last because he has applied a new method to secure an old end. The method is love—self-denying, self-sacrificing love. To be sure, that method had been preached in the Sermon on the Mount. To a certain extent it had been applied by the early Christians in their struggles with the Roman Empire. St. Francis had used it in cleansing and reforming Italy in the early thirteenth century. Tolstoy, who influenced Gandhi more than any other modern, had employed it in his attempt to transform Russia. But never before had it been deliberately used as a means of attaining a political end on a vast scale. Governments can fight armed rebellion with fire and sword. But no government on earth has yet learned how to overcome the power of love. Gandhi, wholeheartedly devoted to the cause of securing independence for his countrymen, has used love and non-violent non-co-operation as his great weapons. Never a gun. Never a sword. Never a hymn of hate. He hates no one, not even the British government which he regards as a curse. He has no money, no material possessions, no army. Only love. With love he has borne insults, beatings, and imprisonment. With love he has united his people. With love he has time and again fought the British government to a standstill. And love in all religions is God. That is why his people reverence him. That is why the English judges who jail him take off their hats to him.

How did he come to adopt this method of love?

How did he become so powerful in its use? To answer these questions is the purpose of this sketch. Let us begin at the beginning.

The World into Which He Was Born. India of the last half of the nineteenth century held, as it still holds, one-fifth of the human race. Less than one per cent lived in cities. The rest lived in 750,000 villages from which the people went out daily to farm their individual plots of one or two acres of poor soil. At best they could only harvest enough to supply them with about half a meal a day. It was a land of grinding poverty, superstition, ignorance, and of native misgovernment. Britain had but recently taken control of the country and begun the development of civil service, railways, roads, and telegraphs in the interest of her own empire of trade. In the process she had destroyed certain native industries, such as weaving, in order to make markets for English mills. On the other hand, she had introduced many reforms and attempted to suppress the ancient customs of widow-burning, "religious" murders, and female infanticide. Her army had frequently been ruthless in the conquering period, and in spite of the fact that she gave a better government than the people had known she never obtained the fundamental requirement for political progress, the consent of the governed. It was a country of oriental medievalism restive under the rule of a western empire.

Two dominant religions divided the people into conflicting camps—Hindus and Moslems. The Hindus,

the more ancient, outnumbered the Moslems four to one; but both were powerful. The Hindu worshiped with every outward manifestation of joy—singing, dancing, clashing cymbals. The Moslem worshiped in silence; in the quiet of his own soul he met his Allah. The Hindu ate no meat; the Moslem ate all he could get. The Hindu considered it a moral obligation, a religious duty of the first rank, to protect the cow which symbolized for him both the agricultural beginnings of the original Aryan conquerers of the land and all the lower forms of life for which man is responsible. The Moslem sacrificed the cow to Allah and considered it his privilege, if not his duty, to parade the sacrificial cow, bedecked with garlands of flowers, through the crowded streets on the way to the mosque. The two religious groups thus irritated each other at vital points of worship and of ethics. The irritation frequently broke out in armed violence, and each group appealed to the English authorities against the other. But even the English genius for government could not resolve the conflict. The best the authorities could do was to suppress it by superior force of arms. In fact, one of the most serious uprisings against Britain developed out of the famous "Mutiny" which started when Indian troops in government service refused to bite off the caps of the cartridges for the new Enfield rifle because they were greased with the fat of cows (sacred to Hindus) or of pigs (regarded as unclean by the Moslems). The Hindus and Moslems didn't mind shooting each

other, but could not bring themselves to touch the grease of the animals forbidden by their respective religions.

It was a country of castes. Four main castes comprised the social structure of Hinduism: the Brahmans (priests and scholars), the Kshatriyas (warriors), the Vaisyas (merchants, shopkeepers and farmers), and the Sudras (servants). These four castes included nearly 190,000,000 people. Below these four was a fifth group, not a caste, but literally *out*castes—the Untouchables, numbering about 51,000,000. These Untouchables were the poorest of the poor—streetsweepers, scavengers, latrine cleaners. They were divided into several varieties, all wretched. They had no property, only rags for clothing, and crumbs for food. They could not use the water from the village well. They could not mingle with members of other castes. Their children could not attend the village school. They had to retreat to the fields when a Brahman passed. Some of them were permitted to travel only at night, so that the sight of them might not pollute their more fortunate fellows.

In all this teeming country, with its religious wars and caste differences, there was one factor that made for unity: a mystical sense of spiritual values. Hindu and Moslem alike put loyalty to religion above every other loyalty, even though they had little respect for each other's form of religion. In this they differed from their British conquerers who seemed to them to put material values above spiritual. The sacred literature

of Hinduism, particularly, contains passages of spiritual insight and yearning of sublime and noble beauty. A contemplative detachment from the machinery of living, expressing itself ultimately in the goal of union with Brahma, or the universal soul, characterizes the native Indian. To reach that goal no self-descipline is too great, no sacrifice too extreme.

From no other background could have come the little man who deplores the adulation of his followers, and who submits himself to a penitential fast when they go wrong. No reformer in western history has ever refused to continue his program on the eve of its success because he felt his followers were incapable of the spiritual demands of that program. Only from the oriental concern with the inner meaning of life, the significance of persons and actions in terms of the great cosmic process, could have come the religious, non-violent movement which has had the profoundest political and economic effects on two continents. And the end is not yet.

His Parents and Early Home. His family were devout Hindus of the caste of Vaisyas, or merchants. The name Gandhi means "grocer." His father and grandfather had been prime ministers of the local principality, or native state, of Porbandar in the Kathiawar peninsula in the northwest of India. Here, on October 2, 1869, Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi was born. His father had married four times, and the infant Gandhi was his seventh child.

In his autobiography Gandhi describes his father as a brave man of high principles. He had some education and considerable skill in practical affairs. He cared little for material wealth but provided adequately for his family's needs. He once declined to accept a piece of land officially tendered to him in recognition of his long services because he felt it might be considered a bribe. He visited the temple often and listened to the discourses of the priests. Through the influence of a Brahman friend he read the Gita and used to recite verses from it at the family worship. Before his death he had given away to one charity or another the greater part of his possessions.

Gandhi's mother appears to have influenced the boy more deeply than his father. Gandhi writes that his mother impressed him primarily by her saintliness. She would not think of taking her meals without first offering her prayers. She went to the temple daily, taking little Mohandas with her. She fasted often and for long periods. On one occasion she was observing the Chaturmas, a particular kind of fast in which the daily quantity of food is increased or diminished according as the moon waxes or wanes, and had vowed that she would take no food at all on the days when she did not see the sun. It happened to be at the height of the rainy season when the sun seldom broke through the clouds. The Gandhi children would stand staring at the sky eager to run in and tell their mother of such a break. When it came, they would rush in and an-

nounce it; whereupon she would run out to see with her own eyes, but by that time "the fugitive sun would be gone, thus depriving her of her meal. 'That does not matter,' she would say cheerfully, 'God does not want me to eat today.' And then she would return to her round of duties." Along with her religious fervor, and balancing it, she had a large fund of common sense. Like most Indian women she was uneducated, but her reputation for kindly wisdom in daily affairs brought many women to seek her counsel.

From his parents Gandhi thus received a bent toward honesty in matters of government, toward habits of personal piety, and toward self-denial through charitable works and fasting. He never forgot those early lessons, taught by example rather than by precept. They entered into the fiber and grain of his character.

He attended the state schools. Britain, even in those early days of her conquest, had introduced the teaching of English into these schools in the hope of making it the means by which young Indians would fit themselves for public service. Sons of officials like Gandhi's father learned it. But having learned it some of them did not stop with official bulletins of information and instruction. They went on to read the New Testament in English, Shakespeare, John Locke, Milton, Tom Paine, and the American Declaration of Independence. These great voices of liberty stirred their imaginations and set them thinking about freedom for India. To the everlasting credit of Britain she applied no censorship

to teachers or pupils concerning what they should read. Young Gandhi became so interested that he began to dream of pursuing his studies further in some English university when he had graduated from the local high school. It would be an unprecedented venture for any youth of his caste and would doubtless meet with strenuous opposition, but English literature was full of stories of young men who did unprecedented things and came out the better for it.

Meanwhile, certain events and experiences were shaping his plastic and curious young mind. A traveling theatrical company presented in his home town a play which greatly impressed him. It was the story of an Indian boy named Harishchandra who had a profound passion for honesty and truth-telling. He suffered many ordeals, but maintained his integrity and became a national hero. Young Gandhi wanted to be like him. Sometime later a district inspector visited the high school, and Gandhi had occasion to imitate Harishchandra. The local teacher attempted to get him to do something he thought dishonest. The district inspector conducted a spelling exercise, asking the boys to write five words. One of them was "kettle." Gandhi misspelled it. In his autobiography he recounts the story:

The teacher tried to prompt me with the point of his boot, but I would not be prompted. It was beyond me to see that he wanted me to copy the spelling from my neighbor's slate, for I had thought that the teacher was

there to supervise us against copying. The result was that all the boys, except myself, were found to have spelled each word correctly. Only I had been stupid. The teacher tried later to bring this stupidity home to me, but without effect. I never could learn the art of "copying." [2]

Times without number in these early years he acted out to himself the rôle of Harishchandra. Day and night he asked himself if he were being as truthful as his hero.

In his home he learned the folk tales of his people—stories of Rama and Sita, of Krishna and Arjun, the heroes and saints of all Indian children. They were characters who put loyalty to conscience and to God above every earthly loyalty, who endured hardships and trials but won strength and the affectionate admiration of succeeding generations.

But the boy was not all obedience and pious devotion. He had an abundant fund of curiosity which led him to make experiments that broke with the conventional patterns of Hinduism. For example, there was his adventure into the forbidden area of meat-eating. One of the cardinal principles of Hinduism was—and is—vegetarianism, based on the principle of Ahimsa, or reverent regard for life. But the Hindus had become a people small in stature, physically weak and insig-

[2] M. K. Gandhi, *The Story of My Experiments with Truth*, Navajivan Press, Ahmadabad, 1927-29, I, 22.

nificant. Some of the boys at school were singsonging admiringly,

> Behold the mighty Englishman,
> He rules the Indian small.
> Because he lives on roasted meat
> He stands five cubits tall.

Young Gandhi was small; he wanted to be "five cubits tall." Other boys, even Hindus, could run faster, jump farther, and had more endurance. If eating meat could increase his strength— A friend argued that it would. Gandhi's brother agreed to join them. A day was fixed for the experiment. It had to be made in secret, of course, for abstinence from meat was deeply ingrained in the Gandhi family traditions and in the whole community. He persuaded himself that merely concealing the fact of meat-eating constituted no breach of truth.

So the day came. It is difficult to fully describe my condition. There was, on the one hand, the zeal for "reform" and the novelty of making a momentous departure in life. There was on the other the shame of hiding like a thief to do this very thing. I cannot say which of the two swayed me the more. We went in search of a lonely spot by the river, and there I saw for the first time in my life—meat. There was baker's bread also. I relished neither. The goat's meat was as tough as leather. I simply could not eat it. I was sick and had to leave off eating.

I had a very bad night afterwards. A horrible nightmare haunted me. Every time I dropped off to sleep

it would seem as though a live goat were bleating inside me, and I would jump up full of remorse. But then I would remind myself that meat-eating was a duty and so became more cheerful.[3]

But the friend did not give up so easily. He prepared other meat dishes, delectably seasoned and spiced, so that Mohandas tried again. However, not more than half-a-dozen feasts were enjoyed in all because the friend had only limited resources and Mohandas none.

Whenever I had occasion to indulge in these surreptitious feasts, dinner at home was out of the question. My mother would naturally ask me to come and take my food and want to know the reason why I did not wish to eat. I would say to her, "I have no appetite today; there is something wrong with my digestion." It was not without compunction that I devised these pretexts. I knew I was lying, and lying to my mother. I also knew that if my mother and father came to know of my having become a meat-eater they would be deeply shocked. This knowledge was gnawing at my heart.

Therefore I said to myself: "Though it is essential to eat meat, and also essential to take up food 'reform' in the country, yet deceiving and lying to one's father and mother is worse than abstinence from meat. In their lifetime therefore meat-eating must be out of the question. When they are no more and when I have found my freedom, I will eat meat openly, but until that moment arrives I will abstain from it."

This decision I communicated to my friend, and I have never since gone back to meat. My parents never knew that two of their sons had become meat-eaters.[4]

[3] *Ibid.*, I, 58-59.
[4] *Ibid.*, I, 60-61.

About this time another young friend persuaded him to go to a brothel. Of this experience Gandhi writes, "I was almost struck dumb and blind in this den of vice. I went into the jaws of sin, but God protected me." He fled in terror from the place without tasting its forbidden fruits.

He dearly loved his father, spending as much time as possible with him and nursing him in his last illness. The following incident gives a glimpse of the intimate relationship between them. He is speaking of another theft at about the age of fifteen or sixteen.

In this case I stole a bit of gold out of my meat-eating brother's armlet. This brother had run into a debt of about twenty-five rupees. He had on his arm an armlet of solid gold. It was not difficult to chip a bit out of it.

Well, it was done, and the debt cleared. But this became more than I could bear. I resolved never to steal again. I also made up my mind to confess it to my father. But I did not dare to speak. Not that I was afraid of my father beating me. No, I do not recall his ever having beaten any of us. I was afraid of the pain I should cause him. But I felt that the risk should be taken; that there could not be a cleansing without a clean confession.

I decided at last to write out the confession, to submit it to my father, and ask his forgiveness. I wrote it on a slip of paper and handed it to him myself. In this note not only did I confess my guilt, but I asked adequate punishment for it, and closed with a

request to him not to punish himself for my offense. I also pledged myself never to steal in the future.

I was trembling as I handed the confession to my father. He was then suffering from fistula and was confined to bed. His bed was a plain wooden plank. I handed him the note and sat opposite the plank.

He read it through, and pearl-drops trickled down his cheeks wetting the paper. For a moment he closed his eyes in thought and then tore up the note. He had sat up to read it. He again lay down. I also cried. I could see my father's agony. If I were a painter, I could draw a picture of the whole scene today. It is still so vivid in my mind.

Those pearl-drops of love cleansed my heart, and washed my sin away. Only he who has experienced such love can know what it is. As the hymn says:

> "Only he
> Who is smitten with the arrows of love
> Knows its power."

This was for me an object-lesson in Ahimsa. Then I could read in it nothing more than a father's love, but today I know that it was pure Ahimsa. When such Ahimsa becomes all embracing, it transforms everything it touches. There is no limit to its power.

This sort of sublime forgiveness was not natural to my father. I had thought that he would be angry, say hard things, and strike his forehead. But he was so wonderfully peaceful, and I believe this was due to my clean confession. A clean confession, combined with a promise never to commit the sin again, when offered before one who has the right to receive it, is the purest type of repentance. I know that my confession

made my father feel absolutely safe about me and increased his affection for me beyond measure.[5]

The concept of Ahimsa, which is one of the vital points of his philosophy of life, thus came into his experience very early.

His Marriage at Thirteen. Probably the most important experience of his childhood was his early marriage. India was—and still is—a land of child marriages. Three times before he was twelve he had been betrothed, but the little girls had all died. His parents now selected for him a girl of about his own age, the child of a neighboring family, and made the customary elaborate preparations. Young Mohandas himself was not consulted in the matter. He learned of his approaching marriage only when he inquired the reason for the preparations. Marriage itself meant nothing more to the boy than the prospect of good clothes to wear, processions, drum beating, much feasting, and a strange girl to play with. His brother's wife coached him about his behavior on the wedding night. Then the two nervous and shy children hurled themselves into the ocean of life.

They soon developed a passion for each other. He acquired some pamphlets which stressed the necessity and value of conjugal fidelity. He also acquired jealousy. He had no doubt of his own ability to remain faithful to his young wife, Kasturbai, but he did

[5] *Ibid.*, I, 69-72.

not feel so sure about her. He therefore began to assert his authority as husband and demanded that she go nowhere without his permission, not even to the temple or to visit friends. But Kasturbai was a spirited girl; she resented these restrictions. She demonstrated her independence by going out as she pleased regardless of her husband's prohibitions. The conflict raged, and both became unhappy. He lost a year of school because he could not study during these domestic difficulties.

Kasturbai, like most Indian girls, was illiterate. He made up his mind to teach her, but she proved an unwilling pupil. Moreover, the segregation of the women in daytime made it necessary for the instruction to be given at night when they were alone together, but then their desire for each other intervened and instruction was forgotten. In his autobiography Gandhi comments:

> Circumstances were thus unfavorable. I must therefore confess that most of my efforts to instruct Kasturbai in our youth were unsuccessful. And when I was awakened, having thrown off the sleep of lust, I was already launched forth into public life which did not leave me much spare time. I failed likewise to instruct her through private tutors. As a result Kasturbai can now with difficulty write simple letters and understand simple Gujarati. I am sure that, had my love for her been untainted with lust, she would have been a learned lady today.[6]

[6] *Ibid.*, I, 38-39.

One incident in this early matrimonial experience left a bitter memory. At fifteen he was nursing his father in what proved to be the latter's last illness. One evening Mohandas left the bedside to go to his wife's room. He was lying with her when his father died. His shame at this filial neglect produced a blot upon his conscience he was never able to efface or forget. In the same year Kasturbai's first child was born and lived but four days, adding, Mohandas thought, to his disgrace.

The only redeeming feature in this child-marriage custom was that wise parents did not permit the young couples to stay together long. Six months of each year the child-wife had to return to her father's home. So it was with the young Gandhis. During the first five years of their married life they did not live together longer than an aggregate period of three years. These intervals probably saved them from the carnal degeneracy which has cursed millions among the masses of India and lessened their physical vitality.

It is not difficult to understand how Gandhi, out of his own experience with child-marriage, has come to regard the whole institution as pernicious. It gave to his adolescent years an exaggerated impetus to sexual desire and fulfillment, with little emphasis upon self-control or restraint. It developed lust. The thousand pages of his autobiography recount his almost numberless battles with this demon in the years before thirty-six when he thought he had so conquered it that he could safely take the vow of future celibacy. Most of

his experiments with diet, and his adoption of goat's milk, fruit, and vegetables as his only food, came out of his effort to reduce sexual ardor. By the time he reached sixty he had achieved considerable strength in spite of years of imprisonment and privation. He then wrote, "If even after twenty years of sensual enjoyment I have been able to reach this state, how much better should I have been if only I had kept myself pure during those twenty years as well. . . . It is my conviction that my energy and enthusiasm would have been a thousand times greater, and I should have been able to devote them all to the furtherance of my country's cause and of my own. . . ."

His First Battle with Caste. At eighteen he had completed high school and spent an unsatisfactory year at the University of Ahmadabad. He resolved to complete his education in England and to prepare himself there for the law. Such a decision was unheard of. His relatives and other members of his caste objected. They reminded him that their religion forbade voyages abroad. He would be tempted, if not obliged, to eat meat there and to drink wine. He would be Europeanized. His mother finally consented when he took three vows, solemnly administered by a monk: not to touch wine, women, or meat. But the caste did not consent; it held a meeting, summoned Gandhi before it, and demanded that he renounce his intention. Gandhi refused, holding that it was a family, not a caste, matter and that his mother had approved. There-

upon the caste voted to expel him from its membership. He was pronounced outcaste from that day. Gandhi was not greatly bothered. He had already vague stirrings within his mind that much was wrong in India, that anyone who tried to right things would have to break with many traditions, and that this interdiction against foreign travel was one of them. He might as well begin here. It was the first of a score of bonds he was to break with the old India.

To England and Legal Training. Bidding farewell to his mother and brothers, and to his wife and their new-born son, he sailed away to study among the people who kept his own in subjection. Arrived in London, he entered Temple Inn, the school for candidates for the law, and set about to adapt himself to English customs. He wanted to make himself a polished English gentleman, at least for the time being. He dressed in English clothes, carried a walking stick, learned French, a little Latin, a smattering of the sciences, and took dancing lessons. He attempted music lessons, too, for a while, and tried to master a violin, but soon surrendered to it. He endeavored to acquire some of the English social graces, but never attained any at-homeness at a tea party or a game of cards. One English lady took him for a walk to tell him how to act; but he learned only that she could walk faster than he, and chatter more. And all these months he underwent misery, avoiding meat and foods cooked with animal fat or eggs.

He soon made up his mind that he had come to England not to become an English gentleman but to study law. If character made him a gentleman, well and good, otherwise he would remain a stranger. He concentrated on his studies and in due time passed the law examinations and was admitted to the bar.

New Religious Influences. Among the friends he made in London were two young theosophists who introduced him to the study of the Gita. He had never read it in the original, but with his meager Sanskrit accepted their invitation to clarify the translation. From this study the Gita became his religious source book. Another English friend induced him to read the Bible also. The Old Testament proved something of a trial,

but the New Testament produced a different impression, especially the Sermon on the Mount which went straight to my heart. I compared it with the Gita. The verses, "But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man take away thy coat let him have thy cloak too" delighted me beyond measure and put me in mind of Shamal Bhatt's "For a bowl of water, give a goodly meal," etc. My young mind tried to unify the teaching of the Gita, the Light of Asia, and the Sermon on the Mount. That renunciation was the highest form of religion appealed to me greatly.[7]

His appetite for acquaintance with various religions

[7] *Ibid.*, I, 168.

thus whetted, he began to read and talk widely with representatives of other philosophies.

Back to India—and Trouble. India again after three years' absence only to learn of the death of his mother a few months before. The family had high hopes for him, but he discovered that he knew nothing of Indian law or court procedure. It took the combined efforts of relatives and friends to secure his first case. It was a small case; the fee: 30 rupees.

> This was my debut in the Small Cases Court. I appeared for the defendant and had thus to cross-examine the plaintiff's witnesses. I stood up, but my heart sank into my boots. My head was reeling, and I felt as though the whole court was doing likewise. I could think of no question to ask.[8]

He threw up the case and returned the fee. This experience so unnerved him that he questioned whether he should go on with the law. He applied for a position as teacher in a high school, but did not receive the appointment. After some months he left Bombay and returned to his home city of Rajkot and set up an office with his brother who had a small practice as a minor barrister.

Here he had his first personal conflict with the British government in India. He had occasion to go to the government's agent to ask a favor for his brother. The agent refused to listen. Gandhi insisted on stating

[8] *Ibid.*, I, 223-224.

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the case. The agent called his servants and had the young lawyer thrown bodily out of the office. This affront to the pride of the sensitive young man stung him sharply. He wanted to bring suit against the agent, but friends prevailed upon him that it would be useless and he had better swallow the insult. He did so, but said it was "as bitter as poison."

To South Africa—and Humiliation. Shortly after this his brother obtained for him a commission to go to South Africa for an Indian firm which had a claim for $200,000 pending in the courts there. Gandhi expected to return as soon as he had finished the business. Instead he remained for twenty-one years and did a work which Tolstoy proclaimed the most important being done anywhere in the world at the time.

Before he even arrived at his African destination, Pretoria, where his case was to be tried, he encountered a series of personal humiliations. He had paid for a first-class ticket on his first railway journey, but because his skin was dark the conductor insisted that he occupy an inferior compartment. When Gandhi declined to do so, the conductor called a constable who pushed him off the train and dumped his luggage upon the platform. He shivered all night in the railway station. On the stage journey from the rail head to Johannesburg the white "leader" in charge of the coach refused to allow Gandhi a seat inside, forcing him to sit beside the driver, while taking Gandhi's seat inside for himself. Later, when the man wanted to sit out-

side in order to have some fresh air, he demanded that Gandhi relinquish the seat beside the driver and sit upon a dirty sack as a negro servant. Gandhi objected and hung on to the brass railing while the man pummeled him. Only the intervention of other passengers saved Gandhi from a severe beating. At the night stop he had misery's comfort in the recital by other Indians of even worse hardships they had been forced to endure. In Pretoria he obtained hotel accommodations only upon his promise to take his meals in his room. In the courtroom he was classed as a "coolie barrister" and not permitted to wear his turban. Restaurants refused to serve him. In spite of these indignities he still counted himself a loyal British subject and a barrister of the Queen.

New Friends, and an Old Idea, to His Aid. Fortunately, the chief counsel in the case was a Christian lay preacher. This man accepted Gandhi as an equal and introduced him to several Christian friends. Under their influence he began a more intensive study of Christianity. Someone loaned him a copy of Tolstoy's *The Kingdom of God Is Within You.* It made a deeper impression upon him than any piece of Christian literature he had ever read with the exception of the Sermon on the Mount. (The book is a study of that sermon and its application to daily life.) It persuaded Gandhi to the doctrine of non-violent non-co-operation with evil. He resolved to follow this doctrine in future difficulties and see how it worked.

The case upon which he was engaged was primarily an accounting problem, and Gandhi obtained a satisfactory settlement out of court by compromise. These negotiations completed after a year's work, he prepared to return to India. The Indian friends he had made in South Africa tendered him a farewell party just before his boat sailed. By chance, during the party, the conversation turned upon an item in the day's news: the Natal Legislature was considering a bill to disfranchise Indian citizens. His friends knew little about it, but his immediate interest and concern for their lot, should the bill become a law, inspired one of them to urge him to stay and lead them in a fight against it. The others added their voices, agreeing to pay the expenses, provide an office, and volunteer their own time as needed. Gandhi could not resist their appeal. The farewell party turned itself into a ways and means committee. He cancelled his sailing and stayed. He had no idea it would be a twenty-year job.

His Purpose and Method. In these twenty years he gradually developed the purpose and the method which have made him India's most powerful leader. In one sentence that purpose was to secure Indian rights; the method: soul-force, including non-violent non-co-operation with all evil—political, social, and individual—a method inspired by Tolstoy's writings and the Sermon on the Mount. Gandhi called this method Satyagraha. Since this purpose and this method dominated his later

work in India, it may be illuminating to trace briefly their growth in his African experience.

We must first understand the condition of the 150,000 Indians in South Africa and how they came to be there. Kirby Page summarizes the situation:

For several decades laborers from India had been brought to work on the British and Boer plantations. These workers came as indentured servants and the terms of their contracts reduced them to a condition of semi-slavery for a period of five years. As the number of those whose contracts had expired, and who thereupon became free workers, increased they became serious competitors to the constantly inflowing supply of indentured servants. Moreover, merchants from India began to open shops and to compete with the European traders. Some Indians also purchased land and engaged in farming. All this was more than the British and Boers had bargained for. They wanted semi-slave labor but they feared the rivalry of free workers, traders, and agriculturists. By a score of repressive measures they sought to accomplish the double purpose of perpetuating the inflow of indentured labor, while preventing serious competition from free Indian workers and merchants.[9]

Gandhi began at the point of immediate irritation—the proposed bill to disfranchise all Indian citizens in South Africa. He soon found that this was but a small sector of the larger problem. His people, with their centuries old traditions and culture, were being

[9] Kirby Page, *op. cit.*, p. 5.

treated as an inferior race, fit only for servitude. His own bitter experiences had not been exceptional. Many Indians had fared worse. He believed they had a right to equality with other groups in South Africa. They must struggle for that right. Only as they obtained political equality could they achieve the freedom of body, mind, and spirit which was their inalienable right as human beings. Gandhi planned his mode of living, his actions, his contacts, all in terms of this objective of equality and freedom.

He did not propose a violent revolution. His people must earn their right to freedom. They could earn it only by carrying on their struggle through techniques which would not destroy, but enhance, the quality of their freedom. Their ultimate goal and method of reaching it were inseparable parts of one whole. No man, he insisted, can properly attain to political self-determination until he can govern himself without external compulsion. He cannot govern himself except he becomes righteous and truth-seeking. Righteousness cannot be achieved by unrighteous ends. Freedom is not attained by methods which destroy it. Each person must, therefore, learn rigorous self-discipline. He must lovingly, not hatefully, struggle against whatever opposition he encounters, respecting always the dignity and worth of his opponent as a human being.

In every detail of his campaign for Indian rights, in every personal relationship, Gandhi attempted to demonstrate this method and to acquire skill in using it him-

self. This purpose to achieve freedom with self-respect, and only by a method which left the opponent his freedom and self-respect was—and is—Gandhi's religion in action. It had not come to him overnight. Its roots struck deep into the soil of his religious training in his home, his study of Hindu and Christian literature, and his reading of Tolstoy.

Throughout his campaign for Indian rights in South Africa he remained a loyal British subject. He thought the evils under which his people suffered were due to misunderstanding, ignorance, and unwise administration rather than to something inherent in the system itself. He co-operated with the British in every way he could. He wrote articles trying to persuade them to see Indian citizens as he saw them—potential human assets who, if properly developed, would be more valuable than mines and plantations and markets. The Indians rallied to his leadership, but the British were only annoyed.

He drafted a petition and enlisted volunteers to copy it and solicit signatures. Within a short time some 10,000 names had been secured, and the petition was presented to the Crown governor. The governor, after due consideration, granted the petition, and the disfranchisement bill was killed. Thus the first skirmish was won. But the inferior status of the Indians remained unchanged. Gandhi and his co-workers organized the Natal Indian Congress (1894) representing all groups of Indians. With this organization back

of them, and a paper, *Indian Opinion,* which Gandhi started, they settled down to the task of securing Indian rights. Gandhi supported himself by a growing legal practice among Indian merchants. He devoted every spare hour and most of his income to his work of reform. He made speeches, learned to handle great crowds and keep them cool, and taught them by precept and example how to use soul-force rather than violence.

After three years it became apparent that the struggle would be long drawn out. He returned to India to bring his family back to live with him in South Africa. While in India he made several speeches about conditions in South Africa. These speeches, as inaccurately reported in the South African press, enraged the British there; and the latter did everything in their power to prevent his return. He insisted on returning, however. When the ship docked at Durban, a crowd, worked up to fury by local newspapers, gave him a rough welcome. He describes the scene:

As soon as we landed, some youngsters recognized me and shouted, "Gandhi! Gandhi!" About half a dozen men rushed to the spot and joined in the shouting. Mr. Laughton [lawyer for the company importing some 800 laborers coming on the same vessel] feared that the crowd might swell, and he hailed a rickshaw. . . . But the youngsters would not let me get into it. They frightened the rickshaw boy . . . and he took to his heels. As we went ahead the crowd continued to swell, until it became impossible to proceed farther. . . . They pelted me with stones, brickbats, and

rotten eggs. Someone snatched away my turban, whilst others began to batter and kick me. I fainted and caught hold of the front railings of a house, and stood there to get my breath. But it was impossible. They came upon me boxing and battering. The wife of the Police Superintendent, who knew me, happened to be passing by. The brave lady came up, opened her parasol, though there was no sun, and stood between the crowd and me. This checked the fury of the mob as it was difficult for them to deliver blows without harming Mrs. Alexander.[10]

A squad of police arrived, dispersed the mob, and escorted Gandhi to his place of destination. But the trouble was not over. A mob surrounded the house and demanded Gandhi. The police superintendent, anxious to prevent serious trouble and to save both house and Gandhi, advised him to escape, provided him with a constable's uniform and a makeshift helmet, and helped him out of a side door and to the police station. Gandhi refused to prosecute his assailants or to attempt to identify them. His family, terror-stricken at this welcome, joined him later, doubtless already homesick for their native India.

Even this experience did not embitter him, or cause him to diminish his loyalty to Britain. He went steadily on, pursuing the purpose and method he had adopted. When the Boer war broke out in 1899 he offered his services to the government, raised a volunteer ambulance corps of indentured and free Indians, and served

[10] Gandhi, *op. cit.*, I, 446-448.

in several actions that took place for the relief of the city of Ladysmith. In 1906, during the Zulu rebellion, he recruited a stretcher-bearing party and served with it till the end of the war. In both of these wars he received citations for bravery in the front line.

Meanwhile the lot of the Indians in South Africa suffered from a long series of "Black Laws" discriminating against them. These came to a climax in 1907 by the enactment in the Transvaal of the Asiatic Registration Act. This law required all Indians and Chinese to be registered and fingerprinted as if they were actual or potential criminals. No other racial group was included. Gandhi and his co-workers urged all Indians to disobey this law, to refuse to register, and to take the consequences.

The seven-year struggle which followed put to the severest test Gandhi's leadership and his method of non-violent non-co-operation. He called a great mass meeting at Johannesburg and persuaded thousands of Indians to take the oath of Satyagraha, which meant that they would not register or obey the law, but would use only soul-force in opposition to it. The registration officers were picketed and other Indians persuaded not to register. The government promptly responded by arresting the leaders in the movement. Gandhi himself went to jail for two months. But the protest and picketing continued.

At last a representative from General Smuts, the President of the Transvaal, waited upon Gandhi in an

attempt to bring about a compromise. If the Indians would register peacefully, the hated "Black Laws" would then be repealed. General Smuts was himself in sympathy with the Indians' position, but the whites insisted on the oppression. Gandhi trusted Smuts and accepted the compromise. He and his companions were released from jail, and another mass meeting called at midnight the same evening to explain the new position. Gandhi made a speech advising the Indians to register and be fingerprinted, promising to register himself and give his own fingerprints. He was accused of having turned traitor and sold out to Smuts.

The Indians accepted the settlement very reluctantly. Many did not believe the compromise to be in their best interests. The next morning when Gandhi was on his way to register, a party of Indians assaulted him; and one fanatical Mohammedan sandbagged him, leaving him lying unconscious in the street. Witnesses of the attack carried him to the home of a Baptist minister friend, Rev. J. J. Doke, who nursed him back to health. Gandhi, as usual, refused to prosecute. He practiced Satyagraha. "This man," he said, "did not know what he was doing. He thought that I was doing what was wrong. He has had his redress in the only manner he knows. I, therefore, request that no steps be taken against him. I believe in him, I will love him, and win him by love." Less than a year later the assailant wrote to Gandhi a penitent letter declaring that he now understood the Mahatma, sympathized with

him, and would do all in his power to help him and his cause.

More important in his mind than prosecuting his attackers was the matter of registering first. The clerk came to see Gandhi, told him not to worry, but just get well again and a place would be saved for him at the head of the list. That, however, would not satisfy Gandhi. He had promised to register first, and register first he would. To satisfy him the clerk had to go back to the office and bring the blanks necessary to register and fingerprint Gandhi while he lay in bed. Thousands of Indians followed suit.

But the Transvaal government did not keep the promise General Smuts had made. The Asiatic Act was not repealed. Instead, more repressive measures were passed. The Satyagraha committee prepared a note asking for repeal of the measures, threatening further resistance, and public burning of their registration certificates if the government refused. The government did refuse, and the public burning was held in the courtyard of the mosque in Johannesburg. Gandhi made a speech advising those who were afraid of the consequences to take back their certificates. There would be no shame in that. The real shame would be to burn their certificates and then secretly get duplicates.

The committee had already received upwards of two thousand certificates to be burnt. These were all thrown into the cauldron, saturated with paraffin, and set ablaze. . . . The whole gathering rose to its feet and

made the place resound with continuous cheers during the burning process.[11]

The jails filled up. Gandhi was arrested again, and there seemed to be no end to the Indians who were not only willing to go to jail but actually created opportunities so that the government had to send them there. Severer measures came into effect. Deportation had formerly meant being taken across the border into Natal or the Orange Free State. Now it meant deportation to India. A large boatload of Indians, many of whom had been born in South Africa, were deported to a homeland they had never seen. But the condition of their families and the families of those in jail was more serious than their own situation. A German architect, Mr. Kallenback, a close friend of Gandhi, now gave him a large fruit farm he had recently purchased near Johannesburg to use rent free. This farm—Tolstoy Farm—became a refuge for these broken families. Gandhi and his own family lived here during the remainder of their stay in South Africa.

But the struggle was not yet ended. In 1909 Gandhi made a trip to England to represent the Indians in the work of establishing the Union of South Africa: Here he met many of the leaders, but no permanent relief came. In 1910 G. K. Gokhale, one of the leaders in the Indian National Congress, visited South Africa at the earnest invitation of Gandhi. He traveled over the

[11] C. F. Andrews, *Mahatma Gandhi at Work,* Macmillan, New York, 1931, p. 271. Used by permission.

country, spoke at mass meetings in all the principal cities, and met Generals Smuts and Botha in conference to settle the Indian question. He received a promise from them that within the year the "Black Laws," the Asiatic Act, and the $15.00 poll tax would be repealed. He confidently communicated this agreement to Gandhi and advised recalling the Satyagraha program. Gandhi was less confident but willing to trust again the integrity of the generals.

The result was more oppression. The year passed, and no relief came. Instead, all marriages solemnized by Hindu or Moslem rites were declared illegal. This time Satyagraha went further. Indians liable for the poll tax were advised to refuse payment. Indentured Indians, soon to be liable, were advised to strike until the tax was lifted. Women and children courted imprisonment. Mrs. Gandhi was sentenced to three months at hard labor in jail. Gandhi gathered a group of several hundred Indians and started a march on the capital of the Transvaal. He was arrested several times, but the government had to release him because he alone could control his marchers.

The determination and the solidarity of the Indian laborers amazed and confounded the government. It seemed that no punishment, no persecution, in fact no power of brute force could stop them—and it apparently never considered using any other power. If it went on imprisoning all the Indians, it would have no one to work the coal mines. It therefore hit upon a new

plan. It proclaimed that the mining properties were outstations of jails. It appointed the mine-owners and their European staffs as wardens. Thus it forced the Indians to work the mines as part of their jail sentences. This was slavery. The laborers refused to mine the coal. They were brutally whipped, kicked, and abused in other ways. But the poor laborers, non-resisting, and practicing Satyagraha, patiently endured their tribulations.

Meanwhile, appeals to the government in India had brought pressure upon the government of South Africa through the Home Office in London for a commission to study the problem and adjudicate the controversy. General Smuts agreed to the commission but refused to go so far as to allow an Indian directly representing the aggrieved parties to sit on it. This refusal was again more than Gandhi could bear. The commission could meet and settle the question, but he would not appear before it or advise his followers to do so, nor would he suspend Satyagraha until a satisfactory settlement had been reached. Despite this handicap the commission met and found for the Indians; and soon afterward a bill providing for the repeal of the Asiatic Act and the poll tax, and recognizing all marriages recognized in India, was introduced into the Parliament and passed. Gandhi had won his victory.

Religious and Social Experiments in South Africa. During this twenty-year period of intense political activity he was also deepening his religious thinking,

simplifying the machinery of his daily life, and trying in a score of ways to discover how to live a full and free spiritual existence in spite of the difficulties that beset him.

Within a few years after he had begun his work in South Africa his skill at his law practice had so won the confidence of the wealthier merchants that he had an income of nearly $15,000 a year from his professional services. This would have enabled him to live in comfort and ease; but his conscience would not let him. There was too much suffering all around him. Moreover, his reading of the Hindu scriptures, Tolstoy's books, the life and teachings of Jesus, and the Gita all pointed to a different way of life. He used to copy out verses from the Gita, hang them upon the wall, and spend fifteen minutes each morning memorizing them while he dressed and shaved and cleaned his teeth.

These studies prepared Gandhi's mind for Ruskin's *Unto This Last.* He read this book for the first time on an all-night train ride from Johannesburg to Durban. It made a profound impression upon him.

I discovered some of my deepest convictions reflected in this great book of Ruskin's, and that is why it so captured me and made me transform my life. A poet is one who can call forth the good latent in the human breast. Poets do not influence all alike, for everyone is not evolved in an equal measure. . . . The teachings of *Unto This Last* I understood to be:

1. That the good of the individual is contained in the good of all.

2. That a lawyer's work has the same value as a barber's inasmuch as all have the same right of earning their livelihood from their work.

3. That a life of labor, i.e., the life of a tiller of the soil and the handicraftsman, is the life worth living.

The first of these I knew. The second I had dimly realized. The third had never occurred to me. *Unto This Last* made it as clear as daylight for me that the second and the third were contained in the first. I arose with the dawn, ready to reduce these principles to practice.[12]

Gandhi promptly discussed these principles with his co-workers on the magazine *Indian Opinion* and persuaded them to join him in establishing a small colony in which they would endeavor to apply them. They bought a farm some fourteen miles from Durban, renamed it Phoenix Farm, built small houses upon it, and lived the simple life. Eventually they turned it into a settlement where Indian immigrants could live quietly and peacefully in a self-contained community. Each member of the settlement had an equal allowance of fifteen dollars a month. They lived together as a large family and ate their meals in the community kitchen. Each family had a garden by which it could supplement the cash allowance. Every resident had some task required for the common good. On this farm they edited and printed *Indian Opinion*. On publication days everybody helped, doing practically all the work by

[12] Gandhi, *op. cit.*, II, 107-108.

hand, and sticking to it until late at night when the last copy was folded and ready for delivery.

They called Phoenix Farm their "Ashram," or place of peace. They developed a spiritual brotherhood, without distinction of rank. Some who came had been well-to-do; at the other extreme at least one had been an Untouchable. Everyone, Gandhi included, worked with his own hands. They reduced their material equipment to the minimum. Gandhi's room, for example, contained nothing but a low desk and a small set of shelves for his books and papers. He slept upon the floor with only a blanket under him. Most of the cost and maintenance came upon him, and it reduced him almost to penury. His wife shared, of course, in the sacrifice. She, too, took the vow of poverty required of all the members. There, and ever since, she has identified herself with Gandhi's cause and worked loyally as his comrade.

Any such colony has its problems, and a large proportion of them are psychological and moral. Gandhi proposed that they use Satyagraha as their method of solving each difficulty as it came up. One instance will illustrate it. Two young people were guilty of immorality and their conduct reported to Gandhi. He felt the responsibility to be partly his own since he had ignored the warnings of his wife. Also he wanted to make the guilty pair realize the gravity of their offence. So he undertook this penance:

I imposed upon myself a fast for seven days and a vow to have only one meal a day for a period of four months and a half. Mr. Kallenbach tried to dissuade me, but in vain. He finally conceded the propriety of the penance, and insisted on joining me. I could not resist this transparent affection. I felt greatly relieved, for the decision meant a heavy load off my mind. The anger against the guilty parties subsided, and gave place to the purest pity for them. . . . My penance pained everybody, but it cleared the atmosphere. Everyone came to realize what a terrible thing it was to be sinful, and the bond that bound me to the boys and girls became stronger and truer.[13]

This vicarious suffering for the sins of others became one of the most effective instruments of soul-force in action. He has used it again and again in the years since then, and always it has touched something deep in the hearts of the guilty and brought stubborn wills to repentance.

He maintained his legal practice to support himself and to help pay the expenses of the Phoenix Farm, but he operated on a code of ethics all his own. Under no circumstances would he take a case in whose justice he did not sincerely believe. In one instance, after he had begun a case on this basis, he discovered that his client had deceived him. Gandhi threw up the case and rebuked the client in the presence of the magistrate. The ultimate effect was to win the confidence of the members of his profession in spite of their prejudice against

[13] *Ibid.*, II. 212-213.

his color. He also found compromise an excellent technique in settling cases out of court, saving money for clients, and producing better feeling between the litigants. "The true function of a lawyer," he said, "is to unite parties riven asunder. Much of my practice was in bringing about private compromises."

He felt the need for intimate contacts with people. A Dr. Booth, head of the St. Sedan's Mission, had opened a small hospital where poor patients were treated without charge, thanks to the charity of an Indian Parsi. Gandhi volunteered two hours of his time daily for service in this hospital. He ascertained patients' complaints, laid the facts before the doctor, and secured the medicines prescribed. He learned how to compound many medicines and to nurse the sick. This work brought him in close touch with suffering Indians, most of them indentured laborers. Also, as he said, "It brought me some peace."

When he first went to South Africa, he dressed meticulously as a professional man. Even two or three dozen shirts and as many collars proved insufficient. His laundry bills were heavy, and it seemed that this money might well be saved and used for the poor. Moreover, the barber for the white professional men refused to cut his hair. So Gandhi simplified his living. He bought a book on washing, studied it, and taught his wife. Together they did their own washing, and Gandhi learned in time to cut his own hair. In time, too, he discarded the elaborate dress of the white

gentlemen and adopted the simple garb of the lowest Hindu caste so that the poorest beggars could come to him and not feel embarrassed by their difference in attire. He finally reduced his wardrobe to a few loin cloths and scarfs.

Diet caused him no end of trouble. He tried countless experiments in order to discover the minimum on which he could live. He especially wanted a diet that would diminish his sensual passions without impairing his energy. He finally came to two meals a day, one at sunrise and one at sunset, each consisting of goat's milk and a small quantity of fruit and vegetables. When he had accustomed himself to this diet and the monastic simplicity of the other living conditions at Phoenix Farm, prison sentences had no terrors for him. Even the prisoners were given more to eat than he gave himself.

His experiments in the field of medicine seem less convincing to the western reader. He came to the conviction that the cause of all disease is sin, in one form or another: meat-eating, gluttony, laziness, neglect, or lack of self-restraint. Its cure must therefore be spiritual rather than material. Medicines are therefore useless if not positively harmful. The sick person must first cure his soul, repent of his sin, cleanse his mind, and renew a right spirit within him. Nature will then do the rest. When his ten-year-old son was stricken with pneumonia following typhoid, the local doctor prescribed eggs and chicken broth to strengthen the weak-

ened boy. Gandhi refused to permit these animal foods. Yet he could not claim that the disease in this instance was directly due to sin. (Indirectly, perhaps, in polution of some water or food the boy had eaten that caused the typhoid.) The doctor declined to be responsible if his orders were not carried out. The lad's temperature mounted to 104°. At night he became delirious.

I began to get anxious. What would people say of me? What would my elder brother think of me? . . . What right had parents to inflict their fads on their children? I was haunted by thoughts like these. Then a contrary current would start. God would surely be pleased to see that I was giving the same treatment to my son as I would give to myself. I had faith in hydropathy, and little in allopathy. The doctor could not guarantee recovery. . . . The thread of life was in the hands of God. Why not trust in him, and in his name go on with what I had thought was the right treatment? [14]

After wrestling with such thoughts he wrapped his son in wet sheets, left him in the care of his mother, and went for a walk alone in the night to think and pray. In a little while he returned to find his son bathed in perspiration, the fever broken. The boy lived to become the healthiest of his four sons.

Who can say whether his recovery was due to God's grace, or to hydropathy, or to careful dietary and nurs-

[14] *Ibid.*, II, 574-575.

ing? Let everyone decide according to his own faith.[15]

When his wife fell ill, he had a similar conflict with the doctor, took the case out of the latter's hands, treated her himself—and eventually she recovered. Again, who can say? . . .

To England, India, and the Great War. Such was the Gandhi who left South Africa, his political work accomplished, and arrived in London on August 6, 1914, two days after England had entered the Great War. He was in his forty-fifth year, his philosophy of life established, his power already demonstrated, his name known throughout the world. Still counting himself a loyal subject of Britain, he volunteered almost at once to raise an ambulance corps in London. It consisted chiefly of some eighty Indian students then resident there. Shortly after they began training he fell ill and had to return to the warmer climate of India. There, after some weeks of convalescence, he actually devoted months of time to recruiting Indians for service in Britain's armies. To his Indian friends who had come to hate British rule he justified his recruiting on the ground that India's problems could be solved within the framework of the British Empire; that the Empire had provided them with certain privileges—schools, railroads, telegraph; that it was now endangered; and finally that Britain, grateful for Indian help in its hour of need, would be more disposed to lighten the burden

[15] *Ibid.*, II, 577.

of her rule. Persuaded by such arguments—advanced, of course, by many others as well as by Gandhi—the Indians sent 1,215,000 men overseas. A hundred thousand of these were killed or wounded.

Meanwhile, Gandhi, who by a curious inconsistency could recruit others for armed violence but not engage in it himself, traveled about the country, studying the changes that had taken place in his long absence, and becoming thoroughly acquainted with the current needs of the people. The more he saw of them the more he was convinced that the methods he had worked out in South Africa could be applied effectively toward Indian reforms.

Establishing His Indian Ashram. His first step to this end was to establish (May, 1915) an Ashram where men and women could be trained for national service, using the method of Satyagraha, or soul-force. He located it at Ahmadabad, the ancient center of handloom weaving. Two hundred persons entered the colony. In general he conducted it on the lines of his Phoenix Farm in South Africa. Every entrant had to accept the following vows and regulations:

1. Truth in all things; absolute truth, not partial truth.

2. Ahimsa, or non-violent, all-embracing love.

3. Celibacy. If the applicant was unmarried he was to stay so. If married, he must abstain from sexual relations.

4. Control of the palate. Vegetarianism was the rule,

and even the number and seasoning of the dishes was limited.

5. Non-thieving. No one had a right to more than the absolute minimum essentials of life, so long as anyone else lacked even that much. To have more than the minimum, under such circumstances, was to steal from those who had less.

6. Non-possession. Accumulation of property and interest in material possessions was regarded as contrary to the ideal of poverty.

7. Swadeshi, or promotion of home industries. If a member of the colony wanted anything that was not produced by some home industry he must do without it until it could be produced in the community.

8. Fearlessness. The Satyagrahi must fear nothing.

9. Untouchables must be accepted into the Ashram and treated as equals. (This caused difficulty at first, but eventually won the support of all.)

10. Education in the vernacular. The members must carry on their educational work in the native tongues of the people, rather than in English.

11. Physical labor. Everyone must work with his hands. As little machinery as possible was to be used. Hand spinning was the favorite form of manual labor because old and young, strong and weak, could supplement their income by it.

12. Religious motives and aims in political activities. Every political action must be grounded in religious principles. Nothing less was considered sufficient to

guarantee steadfastness in difficulty, purity of motive, or scrupulous examination of the methods used to gain the end in view.

These vows, similar in so many respects to those of the followers of St. Francis of Assisi, required Spartan self-discipline. But they produced—and continue to this day to produce—an ever growing body of leaders in whose character, motives, and methods the Indian masses have faith.

The Crisis: Gandhi as National Leader. When the war ended, the Indian people looked hopefully for the long awaited reforms in the British rule. They received only the Montagu-Chelmsford program of limited concessions. These did not satisfy them. Then the government tried repression. It passed the Rowlatt Act, granting to the police special powers and abolishing in many cases the right of trial by jury. Resentment flamed on every side. The people wanted a leader. They had been hearing of Gandhi's Satyagraha Ashram and his co-workers there. They knew of his successful leadership of the Indian cause in South Africa. Here was the man. This was the hour. They called him, and he answered. Through the Indian National Congress they made him virtually their dictator.

He announced a day of mourning in protest against the Rowlatt Act. On that day all Indian shops closed, and business was suspended. The people gathered in great crowds, sat down en masse, and mourned. But in some cities certain hotheads were not content to

mourn. Riots occurred, and several persons were killed. In the city of Amritsar the government proclaimed martial law.

Now came one of the most stupid and criminal blunders in the history of British rule in any country. General Dyer, in command of the British troops at Amritsar, decided, as he himself said, "to strike terror into the whole of the Punjab." Sir Valentine Chirol, a conservative British journalist, has described the tragedy that followed:

> . . . Without a word of warning he opened fire at about 100 yards' range upon a dense crowd . . . estimated by him at 6,000 . . . but practically unarmed, and all quite defenceless. The panic-stricken multitude broke at once, but for ten consecutive minutes he kept up a merciless fusilade—in all, 1,650 rounds—on that seething mass of humanity, caught like rats in a trap, vainly rushing for the few narrow exits or lying flat on the ground to escape the rain of bullets, which he personally directed to the points where the crowd was thickest. . . . When, at the end of those ten minutes . . . he marched his men off by the way they came, he had killed, according to the official figures . . . 379, and he left 1,200 wounded upon the ground, for whom, to use his own word, he did not consider it his "job" to take the slightest thought.[16]

When the news of this massacre reached London, the House of Commons denounced it, but the House of Lords approved it; and a daily newspaper raised a fund

[16] Quoted by Page, *op. cit.*, p. 10.

of $130,000 for General Dyer and presented him also with a jeweled sword as a token of appreciation for "saving the Empire."

Adding fuel to the flame, the British government at Amritsar next ordered that all Indians passing through certain streets in that city must crawl upon their hands and knees.

The combination of these brutal measures, linked with the harsh terms the Allies—Britain consenting—had imposed upon Turkey, ancient home of the Moslems of India, was more than the long sufferance of the people could bear. Back of these recent outrages, it must be remembered, had been the destruction of their native industries and the increasing impoverishment of the masses. Rightly or wrongly, they blamed England for this condition. She had taken their raw cotton, for example, and exported it to British mills and then sent it back to India as manufactured cloth for them to buy. Their own mills had been destroyed to make a market for this British cloth made from Indian cotton. Kirby Page writes,

For many years resentment against foreign domination had been accumulating. The ferment of nationalism had been spreading and becoming more dynamic. The unconscious or blatant assumption of superiority on the part of most Britishers was year by year becoming more galling to sensitive Indians. Countless discriminations and humiliations deepened their desire to throw off alien rule. A servile attitude on the part of many Indians was being created, and the process of

emasculation was alarming to their leaders. The knowledge that Great Britain's economic policy, while benefiting India in many ways, had severely exploited great sections of its people, was becoming more widely known.[17]

He Proclaims Nation-wide Civil Disobedience. Gandhi felt that the time had now come when he could no longer support British government in India. He announced that he had been driven to the conclusion that British rule, in the form it had taken, had proved a curse. "I would be less than truthful," he declared, "if I did not describe as satanic a government which has been guilty of fraud, murder, and wanton cruelty; which still remains unrepentant and resorts to untruth to cover its guilt." He returned the medals he had received from that government. He proclaimed an immediate campaign of non-violent non-co-operation, or civil disobedience. He asked all Indians to withdraw their children from the British schools; to boycott the law courts, settling their disputes by private compromise; to have nothing to do with the government in any form, civil, military, or social. He requested Indian lawyers to suspend their practice, Indian merchants to refuse to participate in government loans, Indian officials to resign government posts. Above all, the people were to buy no British goods, but spin and wear their own cloth. This whole program, he insisted, must be carried out without bitterness or hatred, but in a

[17] *Op. cit.*, pp. 11-12.

spirit of good will. Soul-force, not violence, must prevail.

The response to this appeal was almost incredible. The pent-up emotions of the people found release. Here was a way in which they could express their protest against the injustices they had endured—and express it without doing violence either to their oppressors or their own religion. In fact, it called for the exercise of their highest religious principles: self-mastery through abnegation. Satyagraha swept the whole country like a great religious revival. The leaders Gandhi had trained in his Ashram had all they could do to direct it and train new leaders. Indian men and women of means made huge bonfires of the clothing they had bought from England and returned to native cloth, handspun on their own looms. British business came to a standstill.

Everywhere Gandhi was hailed as prophet and deliver. Simple peasants lit their lamps at night speaking his name as if he were their patron saint. Children sang about him. Parents told their sons and daughters stories of his heroism and his piety. They began to call him by the title Mahatma—Great Soul—which he deplored, but which has clung to him ever since. His bitterest enemy, Sir George Lloyd, Governor of Bombay, describing Gandhi's power in this campaign, said:

He swayed three hundred and nineteen million people and held them at his beck and call. He didn't care for material things. He preached nothing but the ideals

and morals of India. You can't govern a country with ideals! Still, that was where he got his grip upon the people. He was their god. . . . He gave us a scare! His program filled our jails. You can't go on arresting people forever, you know—not when there are three hundred and nineteen million of them. And if they had taken his next step and refused to pay taxes, God knows where we should have been! Gandhi's was the most colossal experiment in world history; and it came within an inch of succeeding. But he couldn't control men's passions. They became violent and he called off his program. We jailed him.[18]

Yes, they jailed him. The majority of the people accepted his Satyagraha principles and methods. Bombs and revolvers had no place in the Indian uprising, although they were common enough in the political disturbances that were shaking Ireland and Russia during these years. The Indians heeded Gandhi's plea for good will as a stronger force than violence. More than twenty thousand gladly went to prison, or suffered beatings without resistance.

But not all of them could restrain themselves to use only spiritual weapons. Some wanted to fight bullets with bullets. At Chauri Chaura a crowd, stirred up by these hotheads, attacked and killed a squad of police. Gandhi, agonizing over this violation of principle and doubtless fearing it might spread, suddenly called off the whole campaign. The people were not ready for home rule, he announced, until they could master them-

[18] Quoted by Page, *op. cit.*, p. 14.

selves and re-establish an atmosphere of peace in spite of all provocations by the government. He then underwent a five-day fast to cleanse himself that he might become "a better instrument. . . . I am in the unhappy position of a surgeon proved skilless to deal with an admittedly dangerous case. . . . I would suffer every humiliation, every torture, absolute ostracism, and death itself to prevent the movement from becoming violent or a precursor to violence." Six months after he had thus called off the program the government arrested him on the charge that he had written three seditious articles.

His Great Trial. His trial on March 18, 1922, has taken its place among the greatest dramatic scenes of all history. All the conflict between matter and the spirit, between institution and prophet, between force of arms and force of soul that characterized the trial of Christ before Pilate, or Joan of Arc before the Catholic Church, came again to a climax in the trial of Gandhi before the British court. But the British judge was no Pilate or Inquisitor. He was a gentleman who represented the best in English tradition. His task must have been disagreeable; for he had to uphold the law of a ruling nation against the prophet of a subject people.

The courtroom was packed, of course, and all the world was listening in through a corps of able reporters. When Gandhi entered, smiling, the whole assemblage, including judge and clerks, rose in honor to him. At

the preliminary hearing he had already proudly pleaded guilty to the charge of "exciting disaffection towards His Majesty's Government." The judge wanted now to pass sentence as quickly as possible and get the thing over with. But the advocate general insisted on carrying out the full procedure.

At last Gandhi was allowed to speak for himself, and he delivered a speech that will be remembered in Indian history as long as Patrick Henry's liberty-or-death speech in America. After reviewing his long years of co-operation with the British government and the series of despotic acts which had finally turned him against it, he said:

I came reluctantly to the conclusion that the British connection had made India more helpless than she ever was before, politically and economically. . . . She has become so poor that she has little power of resisting famines.

Before the British advent, India spun and wove, in her millions of cottages, just the supplement she needed for adding to her meager agricultural resources. This cottage industry, so vital for India's existence, has been ruined by incredibly heartless and inhuman processes, as described by English witnesses.

Little do town-dwellers know how the semi-starved masses of India are slowly sinking to lifelessness. Little do they know that their miserable comfort represents the brokerage they get for the work they do for the foreign exploiter, that the profits and the brokerage are sucked from the masses. Little do they realize that the Government established by law in British India is

carried on for this exploitation of the masses. No sophistry, no jugglery in figures, can explain away the evidence that the skeletons in many villages present to the naked eye. I have no doubt whatsoever that both England and the town-dwellers of India will have to answer, if there is a God above, for this crime against humanity, which is perhaps unequalled in history.

The law itself in this country has been used to serve the foreign exploiter. . . . In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, justice has been denied to Indians as against Europeans in the courts of India. This is not an exaggerated picture. It is the experience of almost every Indian who has had anything to do with such cases. In my opinion, the administration of the law is thus prostituted, consciously or unconsciously, for the benefit of the exploiter.

The greater misfortune is that the Englishmen and their Indian associates in the administration of the country do not know that they are engaged in the crime I have attempted to describe. I am satisfied that many Englishmen and Indian officials honestly believe that they are administering one of the best systems devised in the world, and that India is making steady, though slow, progress. They do not know that a subtle but effective system of terrorism, together with an organized display of force on the one hand, and the deprivation of all powers of retaliation or self-defence on the other, have emasculated the people and induced in them the habit of simulation. This awful habit has added to the ignorance and the self-deception of the administrators. . . .

I have endeavoured to give in their briefest outline the reasons for my disaffection. I have no personal ill will against any single administrator, much less can I

have any disaffection towards the King's person. But I hold it to be a virtue to be disaffected towards a Government which in its totality has done more harm to India than any previous system. India is less manly under the British rule than she ever was before. Holding such a belief, I consider it to be a sin to have affection for the system. And it has been a precious privilege for me to be able to write what I have in various articles tendered in evidence against me.

In fact, I believe that I have rendered a service to India and England by showing in non-co-operation the way out of the unnatural state in which both are living. In my humble opinion, non-co-operation with evil is as much a duty as is co-operation with good. But in the past, non-co-operation has been deliberately expressed in violence to the evildoer. I am endeavouring to show to my countrymen that violent non-co-operation only multiplies evil, and that as evil can only be sustained by violence, withdrawal of support of evil requires complete abstention from violence.

Non-violence implies voluntary submission to the penalty for non-co-operation with evil. I am here, therefore, to invite and submit cheerfully to the highest penalty that can be inflicted upon me for what in law is a deliberate crime, and what appears to me to be the highest duty of a citizen. The only course open to you, the judge, is either to resign your post and thus dissociate yourself from evil, if you feel that the law you are called upon to administer is an evil, and that in reality I am innocent; or to inflict on me the severest penalty, if you believe that the system and the law you are assisting to administer are good for the people of

this country, and that my activity is therefore injurious to the common weal.[19]

The judge, acknowledging Gandhi's lofty motives, his attempts to prevent violence, and his saintly life, then pronounced sentence. "It is my duty," he said, "to judge you as a man subject to the law, who by his own admission has broken the law and committed what to an ordinary man must be a grave offence against the state. . . . I am trying to balance what is due to you against what appears to me to be necessary to the interest of the public. . . . Six years' imprisonment."

Gandhi replied, ". . . It is as light as any judge would inflict on me; and so far as the whole proceedings are concerned, I must say that I could not have expected greater courtesy."

So ended the remarkable trial. From prison Gandhi wrote that he was "happy as a bird." The discipline was no whit more severe than that to which he had accustomed himself at his Ashram. He could have his own simple diet, and he could read and write without the numerous interruptions that had beset his daily life outside. The government offered him special privileges, but he refused all of them except the permission to have his spinning wheel with him and work at it four hours each day. "To me," he wrote, "the spinning wheel and the economic salvation of impoverished India are so much one that spinning has for me a charm all its

[19] Quoted by C. F. Andrews, *Mahatma Gandhi's Ideas*, Macmillan, New York, 1930, pp. 292-298.

own." His reading he devoted principally to the Hindu Gita, the Moslem Koran, and the New Testament.

His Twenty-one Day Fast. When the Labor government came into power in England in 1924 Gandhi was released, having served but two years of his six-year sentence. He had recently undergone an operation for appendicitis, and his body was more frail than usual. But his country had been riven meanwhile by fierce hostilities between Hindus and Moslems. Violence and bloodshed were increasing. The conflict threatened the unity of the people, and the hope of national independence. Gandhi, after much prayer and meditation, decided, in spite of his emaciated condition, to undertake a twenty-one day penitential fast. News of it flashed across India and around the world. Could one "skinny little shrimp of a fellow" bring peace to millions engaged in a fanatical and fratricidal strife? And by no other method than refusing to eat? The world was skeptical. After twelve days the doctors announced that his body could endure no more. His friends begged him to take food. He counseled them to have faith—and pray. He wrote, "My penance is the prayer of a bleeding heart for sins unwittingly committed. It is a warning to the Hindus and Moslems who have professed to love me. If they have loved me truly, and if I have been deserving of their love, they will do penance with me for the grave sin of denying God in their hearts. . . ."

Breathlessly a whole continent waited. The conflicts

began to subside. But the fast went on. His friends of all religions came and besought him to have mercy upon himself. He asked them to pray more and to sing for him the hymns sung by the simple village peasants of his own province. One of these hymns he loved ran,

The way of the Lord is for heroes; it is not meant for cowards.
Offer first your life and your all; then take the name of the Lord.
He only tastes of the Divine Cup who gives up his son, his wife, his wealth, and his own life.
For verily he who seeks for pearls must dive to the bottom of the sea, endangering his very existence.
Death he regards as naught; he forgets all the miseries of mind and body.
He who stands on the shore, fearing to take the plunge, attains naught.
The pathway of love is the ordeal of fire. The shrinkers turn away from it.
Those who take the plunge into the fire attain eternal bliss.
Those who stand afar off, looking on, are scorched by the flames.
Love is a priceless thing, only to be won at the cost of death.
Those who live to die, these attain; for they have shed all thoughts of self.
Those heroic souls who are rapt in the love of the Lord, they are the true lovers.

His courage renewed by such hymns and the prayers of the leaders of all faiths, he persevered day after day.

The doctors wondered. He demonstrated to them and to the world spiritual sources of strength beyond man's present power to comprehend. All rioting ceased. The Hindus and Moslems held a "Unity Conference" at Delhi in which they pledged themselves to tolerance and friendship. The twenty-first day came. Too weak to talk, Gandhi sipped a little orange juice; the fast ended; and the whole nation fervently rejoiced. Their leader had triumphed! The love of the Great Soul had conquered the hatred of men!

Carrying On. But the conquest of hatred through love is not accomplished once and for all in a single heroic sacrifice at Delhi any more than it was on Calvary. It is a daily struggle, never ending. During the sixteen years that have passed since Gandhi's great fast he has continued that struggle. He has concentrated his efforts primarily upon Indian Home Rule, revival of home industries through the extension of home-spinning, the removal of untouchability, and the reconciliation of Hindus and Moslems. He has attained none of these goals, but he has made steady progress toward them. His Ashram is still his training school for leaders in this work. His methods are still the methods of non-violence, soul-force, and sacrificial love. They are not always successful. That does not bother him. Ultimately they will succeed. Truth, he firmly believes, cannot fail, and he is on the side of truth.

He has not ceased to regard British rule as a curse. He feels that England's political control of India has

meant economic exploitation and the impoverishment, physically and spiritually, of tens of millions of his countrymen. Yet he hates no Englishman. He says,

> I hate the system of government that the British people have set up in India. I hate the ruthless exploitation of India even as I hate from the bottom of my heart the hideous system of untouchability for which millions of Hindus have made themselves responsible.
>
> But I do not hate the domineering Englishman, as I refuse to hate the domineering Hindus. I seek to reform them in all the loving ways that are open to us. My non-co-operation has its root not in hatred but in love.[20]

His famous "salt march to the sea" in 1930 was another vivid illustration of this non-co-operation. Britain had made a few more concessions and had announced that ultimately India might look forward to dominion status. This did not satisfy the Indians whose national Congress had come out flatly for complete independence. Gandhi proclaimed, in protest, another campaign of civil disobedience. To dramatize it, so that even the simplest peasant could understand it, he chose to disobey the government restriction on the making of salt. Salt was a government monopoly, and there was a tax upon it. This tax bore heavily on the poor who consumed as much salt as the well-to-do but had less means to pay taxes. Yet no household was

[20] *Ibid.*, pp. 246-247.

permitted to make its own salt. Gandhi called a group of volunteers and set out across the country on foot toward the sea. Great crowds followed. When the caravan reached the shore, Gandhi knelt and made illegal salt from the seawater. The wave of civil disobedience that followed this act swept the whole country and ultimately resulted in Britain's yielding a new constitution for India, although not the complete independence Gandhi had wanted. However, his long experience has taught him the value of compromise and of gaining his goals step by step.

As these lines are written, Gandhi at seventy is the most powerful force in India. Probably no man throughout the world has a greater personal following. Yet he lives in a remote village, Segaon, which has neither a post office nor a doctor and is practically isolated by mud four months of each year. Most of the population are Untouchables, though he has given them a new name: Children of God. He is trying to demonstrate that his program of soul-force, nonviolence, home industry, and brotherly love can redeem even this most backward community. At the moment he is teaching the villagers how to take better care of their cows and how to make useful by-products—fertilizer and the like—from dead cattle.

He lives on next to nothing still: his goat's milk, fruits, and vegetables served twice a day—at sunrise and sunset. He rises at 4:30, makes his morning prayers, takes a brisk walk wearing only a loin cloth no

matter what the weather, receives an unending stream of pilgrims and Indian leaders (spinning always as he talks with them), writes for his paper *Young India,* keeps up his correspondence with interesting people all over the world, joins with the community in silent evening prayers, bathes in very hot water for forty minutes, and retires early. Monday of each week he reserves as his day of silence, and he will not break it for the most pressing business. He works very hard, but always seems relaxed, never strained. He laughs much, loves children, hates no one, and is happy. If anyone in the modern world has found the secret of abundant living it is Gandhi.

The Sources of His Power. We have traced the widening stream of Gandhi's power from its origin in his boyhood home through seventy years of struggle and growth. We have seen the tributary rivers of strength flowing into it through his sincerity, his humility, his simplicity, his supreme devotion to the poor, his ascetic self-discipline, his comprehensive knowledge of India, his sharing of the miseries of the dispossessed millions, his ability to voice their inarticulate hopes, his courageous and sacrificial spirit, his tact and wisdom in political leadership, and his unshaken loyalty to his religious faith. Unquestionably, this religious faith is the deepest and most abiding source of his power. It centers around four great principles which he has tried to apply first to his own life and then to the evils of the world.

First in importance he places *truth-seeking,* which he identifies as God-seeking. "For me," he says, "truth is the sovereign principle. . . . Absolute Truth, the Eternal Principle, that is God. There are innumerable definitions of God because his manifestations are innumerable. They overwhelm me with wonder and awe and for a moment stun me. But I worship God as Truth only. I have not yet found him, but I am seeking after him. I am prepared to sacrifice the things dearest to me in this quest." Again, "I do perceive that whilst everything around me is ever-changing and ever-dying, there is underlying all that change a living Power that is changeless, that holds all together, that creates, dissolves, and re-creates. That informing Power and Spirit is God. . . . I see it as purely benevolent, for I can see that, in the midst of death, life persists; in the midst of untruth, truth persists; in the midst of darkness, light persists. Hence I gather that God is life, truth, and light. He is love . . . the Supreme God." Such is the cornerstone of his faith, the principle he has called Satyagraha. The word literally means insistence on truth. His followers must insist on truth in every relationship of life, even when it brings them into conflict with parents, children, fellow-citizens, or the state itself.

Next is the principle of *Ahimsa,* or non-violent love, as the method by which men must live. Truth-seeking is a mighty force, but its application can never be violent or physical. It must be through love. "Love

does not burn others, it burns itself." The truth-seekers will "joyfully suffer even unto death." Hate dissolves in the presence of Ahimsa. Gandhi's use of this term is identical with St. Paul's use of the word love, and he quotes the apostle, "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor . . . believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth."

His third principle is *self-mastery.* Man must master his appetites, especially his sexual desires. "The brute by nature knows no self-restraint. Man is man because he is capable of, and only in so far as he exercises, self-restraint." It is to achieve this self-mastery that Gandhi has stripped from his own life all the outer tinsel of civilization, reduced his wants to the minimum, taken the vow of celibacy, instituted his daily prayers and weekly day of silence, and established his ashrams.

Finally, there is the principle of the *dedication* of oneself to the service of suffering humanity. He and his wife long ago gave all their property to the poor. For forty years he has worked in season and out for the spiritual and economic redemption of his people. To that single end he has developed his remarkable talents as religious leader, political statesman, and persuasive writer. To that end he has fasted, prayed, marched, studied, spun, and suffered beatings and imprisonment. To that end he has made his life a flaming witness of sacrificial love.

These great principles are not the monopoly of any one religion. They are close to the heart of all the great

faiths of mankind. He calls himself a Hindu but acknowledges gratefully his indebtedness to the scriptures of all religions. A prominent Hindu editor has written, "Mahatma Gandi's movement has made the central teachings of Christ known and cherished in quarters to which a hundred years of the propaganda of Christian missions had not been able to penetrate."

Living daily in accordance with these principles he has achieved a colossal spiritual integrity which makes even his enemies respect him. John Gunther, who followed his trail across India, testifies that Gandhi's "own sincerity, his own love of truth, is so great that he brings out the truth in others. People cannot lie to him." His followers may not always understand his principles, but they know Great Soul as one to whom they entrust without reservation the fate of their own smaller souls. His life with its simplicity, its courage, its sacrifice, its compassion for the poor, and its radiant love dramatizes for them the life of God among men. They love him and would gladly die for him.

C. F. Andrews, his biographer and Christian friend, gives a picture of Gandhi in the midst of a crowd:

It was there for the first time that I could understand the secret of his amazing influence with his fellow-countrymen and the reason for their devotion to him. . . . My thoughts went back to the Gospel story for an analogy. He was there, in the heart of that multitude that pressed upon him. They had come to him without anything to eat; and he was busy providing for

their needs. An infinite tenderness and compassion shone from his eyes, while the mothers brought their little children to him, so that he might lay his hands upon them and bless them. The crowd would never leave him even for a moment and his patience was inexhaustible. He had not time himself to rest or take his own meal while he supplied others with food, for they went on pressing upon him and he would not turn them away.[21]

Lenin and Gandhi. Inevitably we compare these two great leaders, born in almost the same year, rising through painful struggle to power, and winning the adoration of vast millions of their respective peoples. Thus far they are undoubtedly the two most representative men the twentieth century has produced—representative in the strict sense that they embody the hopes and philosophies and methods of more human beings than any other two men of this era.

They had much in common. Both were sons of countries where millions of men were hungry. Both had deep compassion for these hungry multitudes. Both believed that their hunger was unnecessary, that it had resulted from man-made systems of production and distribution which man could change. Both held that capitalism was the man-made system that had produced the hunger, and both came to hate capitalism. Both had an ecstatic faith that their countries could be transformed from lands of poverty to lands of plenty.

[21] Quoted by Page, *op. cit.*, p. 26.

Both had visions of a classless society in which justice and brotherhood and peace should prevail. Both inspired the masses with this vision. Both drew their own political power from the support of these masses. Both lived lives of extreme self-sacrifice, identifying themselves with the disinherited, and sharing their sufferings. Both were venerated as saints, and followed as leaders.

But here the similarity ends. Lenin believed that capitalism could be crushed in one smashing blow and a new order quickly instituted practically overnight. His new order was first and last an economic order, based on the Marxian philosophy, frankly materialistic, and involving the abolition of private property, the nationalization of all land, natural resources, and industries, the dictatorship of the proletariat, and the immediate and widest possible use of machinery to increase production and inaugurate a mechanistic Utopia. If the economic foundation was sound, Lenin believed man's spiritual life would take care of itself. To redeem the economic order he was willing to use violence and hatred, to crack skulls and bomb cities. He scorned religious or spiritual means to accomplish his end.

Gandhi, on the other hand, believes that man must be redeemed spiritually before he may hope to achieve the good society. "I have no desire," he said, "for the perishable kingdom of earth. I am striving for the kingdom of heaven which is spiritual deliverance."

Hating capitalism no less than Lenin, he has no faith that a Marxian economic order will bring spiritual deliverance. A land of plenty might still be a land of hate. A modern machine on every farm and in every home will not save men's souls or even guarantee them happiness. He is afraid of machinery and asks if American and European countries which have mechanized their lives are any more contented or peaceful than their ancestors who lived by the toil of their hands. As for hatred and violence, he will have none of it. Good cannot be attained by evil means. Only as men banish all hatred and violence, seek truth, love one another, master themselves, and live simple and industrious lives can they prepare themselves for the new world order which is to come. Economic justice and rehabilitation are necessary, but only a small part of his program. They will be obtained, he holds, not by the way of bloody revolution, but by the way of sacrificial love.

Between the philosophies of these men the revolutionary movements of the twentieth century are thus far divided. We cannot ignore them. Some day, and possibly sooner than we think, we must either choose between them or think up a better way out of the trouble and the hunger of our times.

EDWARD LIVINGSTON TRUDEAU

1848-1915

You never heard of him? You wonder why he should find a place among the giants? He never led millions of human beings toward a dream of a new world as Lenin and Gandhi did, nor brightened the faces of a host of readers as Stevenson did. His name seldom appeared in the headlines of the newspapers. Throughout most of his life he had a frail body and only one lung.

But for all that he was a man of power. He revolutionized the treatment of tuberculosis. Sixty years ago, if a doctor had announced that one of your loved ones

had tuberculosis, the announcement would have been received as nothing less than a sentence of death. Today it may be no worse than a hurdle to be leaped. With proper training—fresh air, rest, sunshine, diet, and faith—it can be done. More than five hundred sanitariums in the Western Hemisphere have been established using the principles Trudeau discovered and demonstrated. Hundreds of thousands of patients who under the old methods despaired of life have found new hope and strength through him. One city—Saranac Lake, New York—grew from a sawmill and half a dozen houses to a thriving health center around him as its "beloved physician."

When Robert Louis Stevenson came to America in search of health he expected to go, as his English physician had recommended, to Colorado or New Mexico. But when he reached New York he heard of Dr. Trudeau at Saranac Lake—heard that here was a man who, afflicted with tuberculosis himself, had arrested the disease in his own body and founded an institution that was helping others. So Stevenson went to Saranac Lake instead of the Far West, drawn by the reputation of this wilderness doctor. There he wrote some of his best essays. Years afterward Mr. Clayton Hamilton, writing a book, *On the Trail of Stevenson,* came to Saranac Lake to see what stories he could dig up of interest to the lovers of R. L. S. He found that the big story there was not the famous Stevenson, but this little-known Dr. Trudeau—"this hero of innumerable, un-

noted battles—this maker of a City of the Sick, who, because of him, now look more hopefully to each successive rising sun." Mr. Hamilton left Saranac Lake with this tribute upon his pen: "The best of our tricky achievements in setting words together dwindle in my mind to indistinction beside the labors and the spirit of this man." Perhaps a doctor with only one lung can be a man of power without being a headliner. "The labors and spirit" are what count. To review briefly the labors and to trace the growth of his spirit is the purpose of this sketch.

His Ancestry. Born in New York City on October 5, 1848, of French parents, he entered the world almost predestined to a career in medicine. His mother's father was Dr. François Eloi Berger, who after his training in Paris had become a prominent doctor of New York. Dr. Berger's forebears had been physicians for generations. Edward's own father, Dr. James Trudeau, came of a well-known New Orleans family, descendants of Huguenot immigrants who had reached the United States by way of Canada and drifted down the Mississippi River to the old French settlement at its mouth. He had begun his medical practice in New York and there married. But shortly after the birth of Edward, the third child, Dr. and Mrs. Trudeau separated; and he returned to the family plantation near New Orleans, taking with him the daughter, while Mrs. Trudeau and the two sons went to live in France.

Thus young Edward saw but little of his father; yet

he inherited certain traits of his personality—a predisposition to life in the wilderness, to game-hunting, and to cheerfulness. These traits brought the father pain as well as joy; for, on the one hand, they led him to neglect his medical practice to go hunting (on one expedition he lived for two years among the Indians) and thus lost him patients; and, on the other, they led to friendships among other lovers of nature in the rough. Chief among such friends was Audubon, the great but erratic naturalist and painter of birds. The two roamed the wilderness together, and the doctor aided Audubon in the anatomical studies for the latter's paintings. When the Civil War broke out Dr. Trudeau joined the Confederate army, was given command of Island Number 10 in the Mississippi, and died of wounds received in defense of this post.

Boyhood in Paris. In Paris, Edward and his older brother lived for fifteen years with their grandparents (Dr. Berger having retired from his New York practice). The old doctor had a comfortable apartment, kept up cordial relations with the American Embassy, and took a deal of pride in wearing in his buttonhole the little red decoration which signified that the Emperor had conferred upon him the Cross of the Legion of Honor. (For what distinguished service the award had been made Edward never discovered, his grandfather parrying all questions about the decoration with the explanation that it was "to make little boys ask questions.") The grandparents entertained many

friends, and their home welcomed Americans traveling abroad or living in Paris.

School life Edward afterward considered more of a liability than an asset. "The influence of the French school at that time was upon the whole bad for the formation of boys' characters. Cowardice, lying, cheating, and deception of all kinds were in vogue among them and little frowned upon by the masters. The boys' main idea was not to get caught. . . ." The more he saw of youths trained in American schools the more he envied their freedom and boisterous ways. He liked best two American boys named Livingston whom the French principal called "little savages" and expelled from his school because they liked to fight and thrashed too many of the French lads. Among his adult neighbors Edward admired a French army general who lived in the apartment underneath the Trudeaus and Bergers; he, too, was a fighter. Edward himself developed some pugilistic ability in standing up for his older brother who was afflicted with a congenital heart ailment and could not defend himself when other boys tormented him or made fun of his physical weakness. If one influence more than another molded Edward's character in these years it was that of this older brother, an unselfish and high-minded youth who made himself a spiritual guardian to Edward and endeavored to keep him in the straight and narrow path from which he was prone to wander. It was largely due to the brother that both boys were confirmed in the

American Episcopal Chapel in Paris, and that they formed the habit of reading the Bible daily and saying their prayers together.

Return to America. At the close of the Civil War the grandparents returned to New York to spend their last days among their many American friends. They brought the Trudeau boys with them and entered them in schools. (Mrs. Trudeau remained in France and married a captain in the French army.) America was a revelation and a delight to Edward, now seventeen years of age. Here at last he had the freedom he had lacked in Paris. In that city boys and girls met and spoke only in the presence of some older person; they seldom had opportunity to discuss ideas and impressions of their own. Here young people of both sexes were thrown together intimately and with few restrictions; they danced, swam, skated, rode, and discussed life with a big "L" and with precious little interference from their elders. Edward loved it and made the most of it. Winters he attended school (the Columbia School of Mines for one term) or worked in various offices as clerk. Summers he spent at the country home of some cousins at Nyack, on the Hudson. In all seasons he made love to the girls, went hunting or frolicked with the boys, generally enjoyed himself, and refused to take life seriously. He failed at most of the business jobs he tackled chiefly because he had as yet no purpose in life and nothing especially to live for except a good time.

Four Events That Changed His Pattern of Life. But the butterfly days must end, and their ending marks the passing from adolescence to maturity. Four events in fairly rapid sequence now brought him to a new pattern of life. The first of these was his meeting Miss Lottie Beare, the daughter of an Episcopal clergyman. "I don't know much about her," he said to his cousin to whose house at Nyack he and Miss Beare had come as summer guests, "but I can say positively that she has an enormously heavy traveling bag." He was soon to learn more, for this tall and slender girl inspired him to want something better than the carefree and irresponsible mode of life into which he had drifted. She did not look with favor upon his advances, and he resolved to make her change her opinion of him even though it required him to prove by deeds rather than words that he had something in him beside geniality.

The second was his enlistment as a midshipman in the Naval Academy at Newport, preparatory to entering the United States Navy. Just why he chose the Navy he did not know; probably for no better reason than that the whole country was still under the war psychology—and to be an officer some day might rank him with his father who had died in action, and his grandfather who had won the Emperor's ribbon for his buttonhole. Anyway, it might impress the young woman with his serious intentions.

The third event, and far more upsetting, was the illness of his brother to whom he was so strongly at-

tached. Upon learning that this brother had tuberculosis, Edward promptly resigned his appointment as midshipman and devoted the following months to nursing the stricken young man. Even the best of doctors knew nothing about the disease in those days, and there were no trained nurses. Edward occupied the same room and often the same bed with his brother. Following the instructions of the physician, the windows were kept closed, as fresh air "would aggravate the cough." Once a week a new cough medicine was tried, but to no avail. In three months the brother was dead, and Edward's own health undermined by the prolonged physical and emotional strain. It was his first experience with tuberculosis, as well as his first great sorrow; and it nearly broke his heart. It may have been just as well that he could not foresee the years when he would be spending his life "in the midst of a perpetual epidemic of tuberculosis" and sitting beside hundreds of other deathbeds of victims of the scourge.

For months after his brother's passing, Edward, stunned by the loss, sought peace by plunging into all sorts of amusements. But he found them powerless to lift his sorrow or revive his spirit. He turned again to Miss Beare whose own mother and sister had died in the meantime and who now cared for her aging father in his rectory at Little Neck, Long Island. As Edward watched her helping the saintly man in his parish work, or playing the church organ on Sundays,

or visiting among the parish people, and as he saw how they loved her, he began to get perspective on his own values. This was the girl he wanted; this was the kind of life that satisfied the deeper hungers. That much was clear. Yet he knew that the ministry was not for him. What, then, would it be? He did not yet know.

The fourth event was a quarrel with his grandmother. Old Dr. Berger had died, and his widow felt that she was entitled to more supervision over her grandson than the latter thought consonant with his own sense of manhood. One day he discovered that she had taken liberties with some of his personal possessions. He charged her with it; she admitted the deed, but claimed that it was her house and she could do as she pleased in it; moreover he was dependent upon her financially, so what did he propose to do about it? In a white rage he told her that he would leave her house within the hour and never return. He kept his word, even though a reconciliation brought them again to friendly terms. He had a small income from his grandfather's estate, but it was not enough to keep him, and it was now more imperative than ever that he choose a business or profession and settle down to the task of mastering it. After some deliberation he chose medicine. It was the calling of his father and his maternal ancestors; it might also be the one that would satisfy the deeper hungers within him.

When he made known his decision to his gay friends of the Union Club, one of them promptly offered to

wager any of the others five hundred dollars that Edward would never graduate from medical school. No one would take the bet, so little did they rate his capacity for sticking to any serious undertaking.

Medical Training of the 1860's. Thus, at twenty, he entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City. His medical education really began a few days later when his preceptor gave him two venerable human bones and told him to identify them. He purchased a copy of Gray's *Anatomy* and with its aid finally succeeded in identifying one bone as belonging in the arm and the other as a shoulder blade. This elementary project marked the turning-point in his early career. From this time on he spent fewer hours at the club with his light-minded companions and more in his little hall bedroom studying anatomy.

The requirements for a medical education in those days were simple enough: the student paid five dollars as a matriculation fee, attended two or more courses of lectures, "read medicine" for three years in the office of some accredited local practitioner, took an oral examination in each of the major subjects, and—if he passed—received a diploma. The teaching was by lectures illustrated by highly-colored charts. There were practically no laboratories. Bacteriology was as yet an unknown science. The student was not required to make microscopic studies. Pathology was considered a minor branch of medicine. Experiments toward remedy of diseases were tried directly on human beings

instead of first upon guinea pigs and rabbits. Diseases were classified and described with care; but their causes were still treated theoretically, since the germ theory of their origin, later developed by Koch in Germany and Pasteur in France, had not yet risen upon the medical horizon. Thus, tuberculosis, for example, was described to the student as "a non-contagious, generally incurable and inherited disease, due to inherited constitutional peculiarities, perverted humors, and vicious types of inflammation." Its various forms were well classified, but its germ cause unknown. It was not to become known until Edward Trudeau—but we shall come to that shortly.

He Begins His Professional Work as a Doctor. At twenty-three he passed his medical examination with such high standing that he secured the position of House Physician of the new Strangers' Hospital. He had coveted the post because it would give him invaluable practical experience for six months, after which he could marry and start out in private practice. He suddenly found himself in charge of all the wards of this hospital of a hundred and twenty beds. Like other young doctors of those days he began without having had the slightest direct experience either in observing or treating illness and injuries at the bedside. The whole system of interneship, so fundamental to the modern physician's training, was not yet born. Shortly after his arrival at the hospital a night nurse called him to the women's ward where a patient was having

a hemorrhage. As he entered the ward he saw the stream of blood flowing across the floor from under the patient's bed. He had never seen anything of the kind before and had to depend upon his memory of what he had read in his textbooks, or heard a professor describe, in order to take the immediate action the case demanded. Luckily he remembered rightly and managed to stop the hemorrhage.

Six months of strenuous work in this hospital, with two assistants whose medical inexperience matched his own, wore down his strength. It was already undermined—although he did not know it—by a tubercular infection which he had probably received while nursing his brother. But he was now well started on what he expected to be a long career as a New York City physician. So he resigned the post, married Miss Beare, took a brief honeymoon in Europe, and returned to Long Island, settling down in a rural district near Little Neck to begin as a country doctor. After a year there he moved with his wife and their infant daughter to New York, where he could be nearer the hospitals and medical schools and attend their clinics.

Doomed to Die in Six Months. At twenty-five his prospects were as bright as those of any young doctor in New York. He had a host of friends, both social and professional, sufficient income to support his modest and happy household, and a good reputation. Moreover, he had just been taken into partnership with a fine old physician. The world was Trudeau's oyster.

Then one day, noting a slight fever and some loss of weight, he went for a routine examination to Dr. Janeway, an older doctor who had specialized in lung ailments. When the latter had concluded the examination, he was silent. "Well," said Trudeau, "you can find nothing the matter with me?" The older man looked grave but made no attempt to conceal the truth. "There is something," he replied. "The upper two-thirds of the left lung is engaged in an active tuberculosis process."

I think [wrote Trudeau] that I know something of the feelings of the man at the bar who is told he is to be hanged on a given date, for in those days pulmonary consumption was considered absolutely fatal. I pulled myself together, put as good a face on the matter as I could, and escaped from the office after thanking the doctor for his examination. When I got outside, as I stood on Dr. Janeway's stoop, I felt stunned. It seemed to me the world had suddenly grown dark. The sun was shining, it is true, and the street was filled with the rush and noise of traffic, but to me the world had lost every vestige of brightness. I had consumption—that most fatal of diseases! Had I not seen it in all its horrors in my brother's case? It meant death. . . . Was I ready to die? How could I tell my wife, whom I had just left in unconscious happiness with the little baby in our new home? And my rose-colored dreams of achievement and professional success in New York! They were all shattered now, and in their place only exile and the inevitable end remained.[1]

[1] E. L. Trudeau, *Autobiography,* Doubleday, Page, New York, 1916, pp. 71-72. Used by permission.

Three months later his friends carried him off to St. Regis Lake in the Adirondacks to die. He chose this spot, not because it had any reputation for a favorable climate—in fact, its severe cold in winter and its generally unstable weather were counted detrimental to tubercular cases—but purely because he loved the wilderness and wanted to spend his last days in its peace. Twice before he had visited a hunting lodge there kept by Paul Smith, a famous hunter and guide. If he could have a few weeks of hunting and fishing before the end, he would ask no more. Yet when he arrived at the lodge he was so thin and so spent with fatigue and fever that even a few weeks seemed doubtful. The man who carried him up to his room exclaimed, "Why, Doctor, you don't weigh no more than a dried lamb-skin!"

Discovering New Ways of Treating Tuberculosis. Now that he had resigned himself to die, and sought nothing but quiet and rest beside a brook or in the woods, death seemed in no hurry to take him. Quite without realizing it he had taken the first step toward arresting the disease. *"Acquiescence is the only way for the tuberculous invalid to conquer fate.* To cease to struggle, and to learn to be content with part of a loaf when one cannot have a whole loaf, though a hard lesson to learn, is good philosophy for the tuberculous invalid." Such was the formula he came in later years to prescribe for his patients, but now he adopted it quite unaware that it would have beneficent consequences.

On the very next day after his arrival he asked a guide to carry him to a rowboat, lay him upon a bed of pine boughs, and row him up the river to where a deer might be found. Content and relaxed, gliding along under the blue sky, he forgot his misery of the past three months and the doom ahead. When the guide suddenly turned the boat sidewise so that Trudeau could see a buck feeding some two hundred yards ahead, he rested his rifle on the gunwale, fired, and brought down the animal. The guide loaded it into the boat, and the party returned to the lodge, where other hunters gathered around to congratulate the invalid who had shot a deer from his sickbed without even sitting up. Yes, life still looked good. He would make the most of what was left.

As the summer days went by and he walked or sat or slept in the open air, his health improved. That was strange. Doctors had told tuberculous patients to stay indoors with the shades drawn and to keep as warm as possible. Here he was doing quite the opposite and beginning to thrive on it. Was he different from other patients, or had the doctors been wrong?

His friends contributed their full share to his content. One faithfully kept him informed each week about his wife and children; others came up to hunt or fish with him from time to time. One of these was a young man named E. H. Harriman. They had a grand time together that first summer. Neither could have believed that Harriman would one day be a great railroad

organizer and financier who would keep other railroad and bank presidents cooling their heels in his outer office while he chatted with Trudeau and helped him pay off the annual deficits on a sanitarium erected in the very region over which they now hunted.

Rest and outdoor life in the mountain air so restored Trudeau's strength and spirits that by the end of the summer he had gained fifteen pounds. He rejoined his family in New York, but his health rapidly failed again there. This time he was advised to seek relief in St. Paul, Minnesota, and was bundled off to that city of sunny skies. But the winter there did not agree with him, and when spring came he returned to Paul Smith's in almost as hopeless a condition as the year before. But again the summer of rest and acquiescence kept Death at arm's length, and autumn found the supposedly dying young doctor in some measure of health.

He now proposed an unheard of thing: that he remain in that isolated and desolate and bitterly cold spot throughout the winter. His medical advisers and friends called it a suicidal notion. But he had been reading the accounts of a certain Silesian physician, Dr. Brehmer, who, from actual experiments with one of his patients, had come to the conclusion that a consumptive was not necessarily endangered by living in such a climate, provided he first hardened himself by living out of doors and *at rest*. Trudeau had tried the things his own medical counselors had recommended, and they had done him no good. He now wanted to

try what they opposed. His mother had written from France that she would come to him for the first part of the winter in the mountains, and his wife and children had agreed to stay with him through the rest of it. He found a new doctor (Loomis) who finally consented to allow him to remain, remarking afterward that he thought Trudeau would surely die that winter and he might as well be allowed to choose the spot.

So the adventure began, there in the wilderness, sixty miles from the nearest railroad or doctor. The skeptics were certain it would come to no good end. No "outsider" had ever endured a whole winter there before. The temperature would probably drop to thirty or forty degrees below zero, the snows might cut off all transportation and communication—and what would the invalid do then? And was it right to bring city children to such a place? The invalid preferred to take things as they came, one at a time. He persuaded the telegraph operator sixty miles away to teach him the Morse code during the long evenings when the operator was not busy and the telegraph line at Paul Smith's was open but with no one else to man it. His mother came for six weeks as she had promised. She read to him, taught him to paint; and the laughter of mother and son, reunited after nine years, chased the shadows of fear away.

But the day of test was not to be laughed away. In the middle of January, when he and Paul Smith had harnessed horses to bobsled and sleighs, driven the

mother back to civilization, and collected the young Mrs. Trudeau with the two children for the return trip, a blizzard descended upon them. It caught them miles from the nearest habitation and drifted the road so badly that the sleighs were upset again and again. The children wept, the nurse called upon the saints for help, and the horses fell exhausted. To keep from freezing the little party made a dug-out in a snowdrift, lined it with blankets, and kept each other warm by the heat of their own bodies. When the horses were able to travel again, the tiny caravan pushed on, though the temperature had dropped to twenty degrees below zero. It took three days by short stages to make the journey of forty miles from Malone to Paul Smith's—three days of exposure to the bitterest of weather. Surely that would finish off the invalid.

To his amazement as well as everyone else's he felt no ill effects. On the contrary he found himself exhilarated. Moreover, he observed in the weeks that followed that his children in this wilderness lodge among the snows kept perfectly well all winter and had none of the troublesome colds they had suffered in steam-heated apartments in the city. Could it be that he was hitting upon a way to fight the very disease that other doctors had held could not be conquered? The idea seemed preposterous—and yet here he was, still living on borrowed time, and defying the prophets of his early demise.

Partly in gratitude, partly to have something to do,

he began to minister to the sick who visited or lived in the surrounding wilderness and for whom no other doctor was available. He laid in a small supply of medicines and prescribed for those who came to him. As his strength increased he went out on call to those who could not come to his lodging. He found that they needed spiritual as well as physical help; so he started a little Sunday School and taught it himself. When summer came he raised a subscription and built a little chapel—St. John's in the Wilderness. Paul Smith donated the land and the logs; the guides and rural folk chipped in their bit of labor or money; and Trudeau persuaded a New York architect to contribute the plans, and other city visitors to furnish the rest of the funds needed.

The next winter he rented a small cottage at Saranac Lake, some fourteen miles distant, and moved his family into it. Here he was to live for the rest of his life, but he still thought it would not be for long. The village of Saranac Lake consisted at the time of a sawmill, a general store, and half a dozen houses. The people had heard of him as the one-lunged doctor who hadn't died yet and who was still a crack shot with a rifle. Also, he was kind to poor folk. Before long he was practicing medicine among them. As his strength permitted, he drove by horse and buggy ten, twenty, and even thirty miles in a day, visting the sick. He never charged the guides for serving them, nor did he render bills to many others who were too poor to

afford a doctor if payment were involved. He grew genuinely fond of the rural people, and they of him. His friendly bedside manner probably did as much to restore their health as the simple remedies he prescribed. Like other country doctors in remote sections he was called to attend not only human beings but ailing horses, cows, pigs, and dogs. It was decidedly a *general* practice.

Yet a new feature entered it. Dr. Loomis, the physician who had given him permission to spend the winter in that climate, now began to send him other patients suffering from tuberculosis. If Trudeau, defying all medical precedent and theory, could save his own life—or at least prolong it—perhaps he could do as much for these others. So Trudeau took them and introduced them to the way of life he had been living. The people in Saranac Lake built a small hotel to take care of such patients.

One day during this first winter there he had a strange dream. He had been reading an article by Dr. Loomis in which the latter had commented upon the value of the Adirondack air for pulmonary cases. Shortly afterward, while fox-hunting, Trudeau fell asleep leaning on his gun. In his dream the forest around him melted away and in its place he saw a city of houses built inside-out and the people living on the outside. The dream passed, but the idea of houses built inside-out remained.

He Formulates a New Purpose and Begins a New

Career. Six years slipped by. He gained strength but not steadily, for there were frequent relapses. When he exercised too much or worked too hard fever would set in and he would have to take to his bed. Gradually he spent less and less time fishing and hunting and more in medical practice, especially among those afflicted with lung trouble. Then came the year 1882 when, at thirty-four, a new purpose took form in his mind and with it a new and brighter day for all afflicted with tuberculosis.

It came about in this way: He read one day in an English medical journal that Dr. Brehmer in Silesia had been successful in treating pulmonary cases in a sanitarium he had established for the purpose. His method had centered around rest, fresh air, and a daily regulation by the physician of the patient's life and habits. This was precisely the method Trudeau had used—although without deliberate design—in his own case. Moreover, Dr. Brehmer's sanitarium seemed to be an "inside-out" house where the patients spent most of their time in the open air under the rays of the sun. Further still, Brehmer's pupil, Dr. Dettweiler, had also built a sanitarium in Germany where similar principles had been followed and with similar success. Here was scientific confirmation of the first order! Trudeau no longer looked upon himself as a lonely wilderness doctor groping his way through a forest of pain and stumbling toward a horrible but inevitable death. He saw himself for the first time as a pioneer, blazing in America a

trail like the ones Brehmer and Dettweiler were blazing in Germany.

The idea itself galvanized him. He had long thought it would be a fine thing if someone should build a number of cottages on the "inside-out" principle and make them available at cost or less for poor people with tuberculosis who could not afford their benefits otherwise. Now it came to him that he was the one to build them. To be sure he had no money, but he knew the idea was right, and he could beg. He went to New York and proposed the plan to several of his friends, offering his own services free should the sanitarium be built.

He met with plenty of friendly advice to forget the whole business. Surely, it was argued, he must know that all the better doctors agreed that consumption was incurable. Any group of incurables gathered in such an institution as he proposed would be so depressing that no one would stay in such a place. As for building it at Saranac Lake, forty-two miles from a railroad —that was too fantastic to be taken seriously.

But there were others who saw the thing differently. The guides who had hunted and fished with him, and who had come to believe in him and love him, put their heads together and their hands into their pockets. Having learned that Trudeau hoped to build the institution on a certain piece of land they quietly bought the sixteen acres and presented it to him. Then there were men and women in New York who listened to him

sympathetically and wrote their names in a little subscription book he carried. Gradually the list lengthened until he had more than three thousand dollars pledged. With this as a nest egg he returned to Saranac Lake and set to work to build the first sanitarium in America.

In the same year occurred a second event of even greater significance for Trudeau and his work. It was the publication in Germany of Dr. Koch's epoch-making paper on "The Etiology of Tuberculosis," with its carefully described experiments that led to the striking but inescapable conclusion that the disease was caused by a germ, the "tubercle bacillus." Trudeau had already interested himself in Pasteur's theory that all infectious diseases came from living germs and in the application of Pasteur's principles by the great surgeon Lister. But here was the record of three years of painstaking study of tuberculosis itself, including the isolation of the germ and its growth in cultures outside the body. At last the *cause* of the disease was known! Its revelation by Koch blasted all the accepted theories as to its being non-contagious, incurable, inherited, and "due to inherited constitutional peculiarities, perverted humors," and what-not. Trudeau pronounced Koch's paper "one of the most important medical papers ever written." It fired his imagination as nothing else had ever done.

Burning with eagerness, he resolved upon a course which determined his life from this time on. He would first duplicate Koch's experiments and check every step by which the great German scientist arrived at his con-

clusion. To this end he would learn to grow the tubercle bacillus outside of the body and produce the disease in guinea pigs. Next he would find a way to cure the guinea pigs, or at least to arrest the disease by killing the germ within them. Finally, he would apply the successful methods to human beings. If this process worked, the scourge of tuberculosis could be banished from the human race. Even if he could accomplish only a partial success he would bring hope to hundreds of thousands of men and women afflicted as he was.

Summoning his slight strength, he consecrated it to that single purpose. He communicated it to his medical friends, but the germ theory had not yet been accepted among them, and they gave him little encouragement. No matter, he knew he would convince them in time. But he must begin at the beginning and learn how to isolate the germ and make colored slides of it so that it might be observed under a microscope. He had never had work in bacteriology, nor even in a laboratory; he knew nothing of the simplest techniques involved in duplicating Koch's experiments. Very well, he would learn. He went to New York, eventually found a doctor who could teach him, and persevered until he had mastered the fundamentals of experimental bacteriology.

A Make-Shift Laboratory. Returning to Saranac Lake, he set up in his own cottage a tiny laboratory. He had neither gas nor electricity, nor even running water. It consisted principally of a shelf, sink, some

bottles, stains, a pail of water and another pail for refuse, a few slides, and a homemade thermostat heated by a minute kerosene lamp. With this humble outfit and a hopeful heart he went to work. He isolated the germ, made cultures of it (the first American doctor to do so), and checked every stage of Koch's experiments. He made mistakes, of course. He reminded himself of the pilot who when asked by a ship captain if he knew the harbor replied that he certainly did, for he had been on every rock in it. But he kept at it in every hour he could spare from his patients and the project of building the sanitarium. When he had confirmed Koch's conclusions, he went on to try further experiments with guinea pigs and rabbits. The months stretched into years. He was keeping his records carefully so that he could present them through the proper channels to an association of scientists and convince the unbelievers.

A Fire and the "Phoenix Trick." Then one night late in 1893, while he was away in New York and bedridden from a painful abscess of the kidney, the little thermostat in his laboratory at Saranac somehow started a fire which burned up the laboratory, his home, and all his equipment and records. It was all but a knock-out blow. He might have turned his face to the wall and given up the ghost. Certainly he knew not where else to turn. But now the bread he had cast upon the waters came back to him. Telegrams and letters offering consolation and help began to roll in.

The great Dr. William Osler wrote: "I am sorry to hear of your misfortune, but take my word for it, there is nothing like a fire to make a man do the Phoenix trick." His prediction came true almost as soon as the ink dried upon the letter, for Mr. George C. Cooper, a wealthy friend who had become interested in Trudeau, called upon the sick man and said that he would like to do something to help. Would Trudeau—as soon as he was able—accept the lease of a cottage that he, Mr. Cooper, owned in Saranac Lake and occupy it as long as he wished? And would Trudeau plan a new laboratory of stone and steel—one that would never burn up—and allow Mr. Cooper to pay for its construction and equipment? This was very good medicine for a sick man, no matter what his ailment. And he was practically cured when he received another call from a medical friend with a great package under his arm—a package containing a fine new microscope which the doctors on the faculty of the College of Physicians and Surgeons had chipped in to buy for him. The "Phoenix trick" was not so difficult with such wings to help him rise from the ashes.

The First Sanitarium. Meanwhile, the central building of the sanitarium opened its doors. His first patients were exactly the kind for which he had built it—two factory girls from the tenement house district of New York, both desperately ill of tuberculosis. He had them sit all day and sleep all night in the open air, and rejoiced to see them slowly but steadily improve. Then

he secured the first cottage—a small, one-room structure with a tiny porch, and equipped with a wood stove, two cot-beds, two chairs, a washstand, and a kerosene lamp. It cost but four hundred dollars, but it was "the pioneer cottage in the development of the sanatorium treatment in America" (Today it is preserved as a relic.) After it came other cottages of varying sizes, but all on the same principle of segregation, simplicity, and open air living.

After it, too, came a multitude of administrative problems. Trudeau was the only doctor, and his own strength was limited. There were no trained nurses, no internes. There was not even running water available at first; no water, in fact, except that carried for drinking purposes from a spring, or for general purposes from the lake. Yet more patients wanted to come.

He needed money. He took no salary for himself, deriving his own small income from his private practice outside the sanitarium, chiefly among the summer residents at Paul Smith's. He charged the patients but five dollars per week for board that cost seven. He had to raise this deficit on each patient's food bill and pay also the carpenters, laborers, cook, and other employees that the infant institution required. To meet the budget he persuaded friends to organize fairs and bazaars among the summer residents of Saranac Lake and Paul Smith's. Then he would pack his traveling bag, put his little black subscription book in his vest pocket, and go to New York or Boston, and beg for money to

pay the deficit that still remained. Money came slowly at first; but as the story of the sanitarium became known and men listened to this shining-eyed, eager-faced young man who wanted nothing for himself but only a chance to bring new health and hope to the stricken, hearts and purses opened. The majority to whom he appealed could give but small sums. But one man from whom he hoped to secure five hundred dollars gave twenty-five hundred; a woman from whom he expected a donation of two hundred handed him a check for twenty thousand! Tuberculosis, he discovered, was not the only contagion he possessed—generosity was another.

Back in his laboratory after these campaigns for funds needed to care for his patients, he would proceed with his experiments to find a substance that would kill the germ. He tried all the known germicides but came to the conclusion that "the tubercle bacillus bore cheerfully a degree of medication which proved fatal to its host!" Since he could find no substance that would kill the germ without first killing the person infected by it, he turned to the practical problem of how far the person infected could be helped by such factors as climate, rest, fresh air, and food.

In seeking the experimental answer to this question he chose fifteen rabbits. Lot 1, of five rabbits, he inoculated with pure cultures and put under the best surroundings of light, food and air obtainable. Lot 2, of five rabbits, he inoculated at the same time and in the

same way and put under the worst conditions of environment he could devise. Lot 3, of five rabbits, he put under similar unfavorable conditions without being inoculated. The result: the rabbits of Lot 1 all recovered with but one exception; of the rabbits in Lot 2 four died within three months and their organs showed extensive tuberculosis; the rabbits in Lot 3, even in the most unfavorable environment, did not develop tuberculosis.

This experiment proved that bad environment alone did not produce the disease, but once the germs entered the body the course of the disease could be greatly influenced by a favorable or unfavorable environment. Further, it confirmed the methods he had already adopted in his treatment of the human beings in his care. He could proceed along those lines confident that the forces of nature were working with him.

Recognition by the Medical World. Fourteen years after he had been carried to his bedroom at Paul Smith's to die he prepared a paper for the American Climatological Association reporting his studies and the effects of his treatment upon his patients. When the hour arrived to read it, he was so ill from fever and fright that he fainted. But Dr. Loomis read it for him, and it convinced even the die-hards among the skeptics. The long applause of the gathering and the congratulations of the men who crowded about him signaled the turn of the tide in the opinion of scientific men about this disease. It was also the first public rec-

ognition he had received. The medical journals in this country printed the paper, and foreign journals published summaries of it.

And now other doctors began to come to see him—the great ones who were not too proud to journey into the wilderness to hunt up a lonely man who had been discovering ways of treating a disease they had thought fatal. Then came doctors who were themselves afflicted; some of these remained to give the rest of their lives to helping Trudeau. After the doctors came other men with symptoms of the infection—writers (including Stevenson), artists, business men, farmers, clerks, ministers—drawn as much by Trudeau's magnetic spirit as by any hope of being helped physically. He could not cure everyone, of course. Those in advanced stages were beyond human help. (Of his own children, two came into the world with such weak lungs that one succumbed to tuberculosis and another to an early attack of pneumonia.) His greatest joy was to be able to send someone back into the battle of life with a new sword in his hand. "My sympathies," he once said, "are naturally with the vanquished. My favorite statue is that great one of Victory carrying the dying gladiator, his broken sword in hand. The world applauds and bows before success and achievement; it has little thought for those who fall by the way, sword in hand; and yet it takes most courage to fight a losing fight."

Ten, twenty, thirty, forty years he lived—*after* he had been given only six months. It was always a losing

fight. He never had more than one lung. During the last fifteen years of his life he could seldom sleep more than an hour at a time. Yet he fought on and with broken sword kept Death at bay while the great Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium [2] grew, building by building, around him. Before he died in 1915 he had brought to completion some forty buildings including the new and thoroughly equipped laboratory, a training school for nurses, a recreational pavilion, a workshop for occupational therapy, a reception hospital, a library, and more than a score of cottages for patients. Somewhere along the years he had managed also to build a church at Saranac Lake as well as at Paul Smith's, for he had a deep conviction that his patients needed restored spirits before they could hope for restored health. His last years were crowned with the appreciation of his fellow doctors. They elected him president of the Eighth Congress of American Physicians and Surgeons and gave him such an ovation when he delivered his presidential address on "The Value of Optimism in Medicine" that he seemed to take on a new lease of life and battled ahead for another five years.

The Sources of His Power. From that memorable address we quote the following passages:

As I look back on my medical life, the one thing that stands out as having been most helpful to me . . . seems to have been that I was ever possessed of a fund of

[2] The name has since been changed to the Trudeau Sanatorium. It has grown steadily—in beauty as well as size and efficiency.

optimism; indeed, at times optimism was about the only resource I had left with which to face the most unfavorable conditions and overcome serious obstacles. . . . Optimism is a mixture of faith and imagination, and from it springs the vision which leads one from the beaten paths, urges him to efforts when obstacles block the way, and carries him finally to achievement. . . .

Optimism made me indifferent to neglect and opposition and blind to obstacles of all kinds during the long years of struggle before the value of sanitarium treatment became generally recognized. . . . In a long life which has been lived daily in contact with patients beyond the reach of human skill, who through months and even years of hopeless illness have looked to me for help, I have indeed had need of all the optimism I could cling to. . . .

Let us not, therefore, quench the faith nor turn from the vision which . . . we carry, as Stevenson's lantern-bearers carry their lanterns, hidden from the outer world; and, thus inspired, many will reach the goal; and if for most of us our achievements must fall short of our ideals, if when age and infirmity overtake us "we come not within sight of the castle of our dreams," nevertheless, all will be well with us; for, as Stevenson tells us rightly, "to travel hopefully is better than to arrive, and the true success is in labor."

This combination of faith and imagination may well have been the keynote of his personality. But he had other sources of strength which even so brief a sketch has disclosed: a medical ancestry that bred in his bones a pride in the healing profession; a more-than-compe-

tent wife who stood loyally by him through all the suffering years and inspired him with her own courage; a fondness for life in the wilderness bequeathed to him by his roving father; a single and unselfish purpose that called for the utmost reach of his capacities; a host of friends as large-minded as himself; and an ability to hang on through thick and thin. "A hero," Emerson once said, "is no braver than an ordinary man; but he is braver five minutes longer." Trudeau had that extra five minutes' worth of courage.

He did not think of himself as a stubborn fighter, but rather as one who had learned through necessity the secret of *acquiescence*. "The conquest of Fate," he once said, "comes not by rebellious struggle, but by acquiescence." One cannot trace the development of his personality and his long years of searching for a way to help people afflicted with tuberculosis without seeing his humble but hopeful spirit of acquiescence permeating it all.

Here, then, was a man of power who was no headliner. With only one lung he lived in the wilderness a life of heroic labor and social compassion. Consecrated to a single purpose, he carried on through sickness, hardship, and sorrow. Lonely at times, defeated often, he clung to his accepted task until he saw on the horizon the ultimate conquest of one of the world's cruelest diseases. When he began, that disease took as its toll one life out of every seven; today, and largely because of his work, it takes but one in eighteen. In a few years

it may be as rare as smallpox. Dr. Trudeau's characterization of one of his colleagues—Dr. Edwin R. Baldwin—applies equally well to himself: "Riches, fame, and praise he scorns, but he cannot escape the heritage of affection and gratitude he so unconsciously and abundantly calls forth."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

1850-1894

For most of his forty-four years tuberculosis dogged his every step like a malignant shadow. His physical existence was one long struggle to escape that dread disease—a struggle which he knew he must some day lose. Yet it did not conquer him until he had written twenty-eight volumes of prose and poetry, much of which will probably live as long as the English language.

Edmund Gosse, an eminent literary critic, characterized Robert Louis Stevenson as "the most exquisite English writer of his generation . . . the most unselfish and lovable of human beings." Sidney Colvin, who

knew practically all the literary men of the British Isles in his generation, pronounced him "the best loved writer of his time," who endeared himself to his readers "by the frank revelation of a most engaging personality . . . of a serene, undaunted cheerfulness, gained not by shifting his eyes from the pathos and difficulty of human conditions, but by a brave rising to the heights of their demands." Frail and sickly though his own body was, no other writer of English, with the possible exception of Dickens, has created a more full-blooded crew of vigorous characters to man the vessel of fiction and steer it into ports of delight.

His Times. Born in Edinburgh, November 13, 1850, he came into a world still trembling from the political upheavals of Europe of the early half of the nineteenth century. Old monarchies tottered. Infant republics lifted their voices in France and in Rome. A new Germany was about to emerge. The industrial revolution had begun. Railways and steamships were bringing coal from distant mines to new factories established in the cities. Men, women, and children were leaving the rural districts to work in these factories and to live in the slums that sprang up around them. The whole social and industrial life of Britain was in transition from an old order to a new.

Great personalities already walked the stage of this new world. Queen Victoria was in the thirteenth year of her reign. Disraeli was forty-six years old, Gladstone forty-one. Darwin and Tennyson were forty-

one, Dickens and Browning thirty-eight, Ruskin and Kingsley thirty-one, Matthew Arnold twenty-eight. In America, Lincoln was still a country lawyer with slim prospects, Emerson a rising young philosopher. In Russia, Tolstoy, a gay young blade of twenty-two, alternated between gambling sprees and remorse. In France a young chemist named Pasteur was beginning researches destined to change the whole theory of the origin of human diseases. In his own Scotland, Thomas Carlyle at fifty-five was vigorously lambasting the shallow liberalism of the times.

Puritanism and Pessimism—both gloomy—vied with each other for possession of men's spiritual allegiance. In Scotland Puritanism held sway. Echoes of the theological thunders of John Knox still rolled among the hills. In England the writings of the German Schopenhauer dominated the contemporary culture. The life of the people, with some striking exceptions, seemed notable for its general lack of courage. "A sort of chronic melancholy had settled over the landscape." Oscar Wilde epitomized it in his parable of Christ trying to comfort a weeping man; the man answered, "Lord, I was dead and you raised me to life; what else can I do but weep?" Dickens had penetrated this prevalent mood of nothing-can-be-done-about-anything, and was stirring the conscience of the country to do something about the slums, poor-houses, debtors' prisons, and the factories where Little Nells and David Copperfields struggled for existence.

Browning was singing his faith in the ability of man to reach higher spiritual levels. It was to be Stevenson's lot to demonstrate that contemporary despair could be routed by courage, and prosaic pessimism by the potential poetry of life.

It is well that we understand this at the beginning of the development of his power. That power revealed itself not in any new philosophy for a world in tumult, nor in any championing of some unpopular but worthy cause, nor in any appeal for the disinherited. We will look in vain for any specific social significance from him. Dickens, Ruskins, Arnold, and a score of other contemporaries made far more important contributions to social thought and action. Stevenson's power showed itself in his ability to banish the gloom and melancholy from individual lives. He had as much reason as anyone for discouragement and despair, but he conquered them in his own life and helped other men to win the same battle. Through all his writings shines a radiant cheer which quickens the spirits of his readers and chases away their fears. Following Stevenson's robust characters through the chapters of his novels men felt—and still feel—their own blood warming, their courage reviving. When they read his *Child's Garden of Verses,* they live again their own happy childhood. When they read his simple prayers their stubborn pride melts, humility takes its place, and they begin to have a new faith in "the ultimate decency of things." When they see his valiant fight with the devils of disease, they know that they, too, can—if they

will—meet death bravely and with colors flying. Perhaps, after all, such a ministry to the individual is not without its social usefulness. It may even be as profound a service as any human being can render to his fellows.

His Ancestry. He came from a long line of Scotch Calvinists, pious, earnest men and women, strict in morals, hard-working in the daily toil of their farms. They were the kind of rugged, simple folk described by Robert Burns in his "Cotter's Saturday Night." They prized duty, fortitude, and faith as the cardinal virtues. Robert Stevenson, Louis' grandfather, was a lighthouse engineer and inventor of some note. He developed the lighthouse system throughout Scotland, designed bridges, experimented with steam locomotives, and invented the form of rail still used on railways. He also built the famous Bell Rock Lighthouse which Robert Southey pictured in his poem, "The Inchcape Rock." He became one of Edinburgh's first citizens, one of the founders of its Royal Observatory, a fellow of its Royal Society, and a member of its chief scientific associations.

His paternal grandmother Louis describes as a devout unambitious soul, occupied with her Bible, her children, and her home, easily shocked, and associating largely with a group of "godly parasites." He says she chose her cook and the family butcher because of their godliness.

Louis' father, Thomas Stevenson, building upon the

foundation his father, Robert, had laid, became an authority on lighthouse engineering and a partner in a firm of such engineers. At the height of his career he was elected president of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. In politics he was a Tory, in religion a Presbyterian. Louis characterizes him as a man "of somewhat antique strain, with a blend of sternness and softness that was wholly Scottish, passionately attached, passionately prejudiced." He wrote a book in defence of Christianity. "His talk, compounded of so much sterling sense and so much freakish humor, and clothed in language so apt, droll, and emphatic, was a perpetual delight to all who knew him. . . . His use of language was both just and picturesque, and he always sought for the right word in which to express himself." He often aided Louis in his early compositions, suggesting improvements in their style as well as in their material substance. He tried to instil into his son his own belief that "art should have a conscious moral aim." But he frowned upon Louis' literary ambitions and wanted him to become an engineer in the family tradition. Some friction over this and over religious differences developed, but it never destroyed their mutual affection.

Louis' mother came of the famous Balfour family, which traced its ancestry to the fifteenth century when one of its members belonged to the household of the king. Another of her forebears, a Protestant minister, had endured persecution in the reign of James I; still another had become Professor of Moral Philosophy at

the University of Edinburgh. Her father, Lewis Balfour, was minister of the Presbyterian church at Colington, where he lived in staunch Calvinistic fashion, sired thirteen children, and taught them to obey the Ten Commandments and to love good literature. She had a lively imagination, a delicate beauty, and a wholesome appetite for exciting stories. Her health suffered from weak lungs and nerve trouble, and she was never strong in body. She shared her family's and her husband's serious outlook and sense of duty, but they were tempered by her cheerful and vivacious disposition, which made her eager to see the pleasanter side of things and to turn the misfortunes of life into adventures that called for bravery. This trait was probably the richest item in Louis' spiritual heritage.

His Nurse, Alison Cunningham. Before he reached his second birthday, his mother's ill health required that a nurse be brought into the home to care for little Louis. With great care his parents selected a woman who became to their son as important an influence as Emerson's Aunt Mary Moody was to that gifted writer. She was Miss Alison Cunningham, immortalized as "Cummy" in the *Child's Garden of Verses.* A robust peasant woman of forty, slightly deaf, she combined devout piety and fondness for fun. She soon became devoted to Louis and watched over him with a "Masterful yet tender care." She would "stand no nonsense and allow no disobedience."

Cummy taught him the Shorter Catechism and the

Bible as he ate his porridge. She regaled him with tales of martyrs and missionaries. Every Scotch home had Fox's *Book of Martyrs,* Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress,* and the *Life of Robert Murray MacCheyne,* a clergyman and hymn-writer who had died at twenty-eight. These books were considered as essential for the young mind as codliver oil for the body—and Louis did not always find them more palatable. But Cummy also read to him from Ballantyne's books for boys, and spun yarns of pirates and sailors and knights in armor. She had a vivid imagination and a memory stored with ballads, folk stories, and anecdotes which could be brought out as rewards for good behavior.

The traditional Scot, she seldom expressed her affection in words and would say, when asked about Louis, that he was "just like other bairns: whiles (sometimes) very naughty." Yet when she had an offer of marriage from a man to whom she was supposed to be devoted she declined it, preferring to stay with Louis. When he grew up he corresponded with her faithfully even from the far corners of the earth, and his letters to her—written, of course, without any thought of publication—gave back to her the loyal affection she had first given him. "Do not suppose," he once wrote her, "that I shall ever forget those long, bitter nights, when I coughed and coughed, and was so unhappy, and you were so patient and loving with a poor sick child. Indeed, Cummy, I wish I might become a man worth talking of, if it were only that you should not have

thrown away your pains. . . ." And to a friend he remarked whimsically, "They may talk about heredity, but, if I inherited any literary talent, it was from Cummy! It was she who gave me the first feeling for literature."

His Early Home and Environment. Thus he came into the world trailing clouds of Calvinism. But the clouds were silver-lined with his father's humor, his mother's cheerful courage, and Cummy's delightful story-telling. His home was strict but not dour. Sunday, however, was both. He remembered it as a day "of great stillness and solitude for the rebellious mind, when, in dearth of books and play, and in intervals of studying the Shorter Catechism, the intellect and senses prey upon and test each other." In time he revolted against this overly-pious atmosphere, but in his early years he accepted it with little question. His favorite game, until he reached his sixth year, was "to play at church in Scotch fashion." He once astonished his parents, when he was but four years old, with the sudden announcement, "You can never be good unless you pray!" When they asked how he came to this conclusion he answered, "Because I've tried it!"

Yet it would be unrealistic to paint the picture of his home in black or gray and without the gayer colors. Thanks to his mother's vivacity, his father's droll humor, and Cummy's adventure-tales, laughter often echoed through the house and across the garden. Louis was their only child, and they idolized him. His mother

and Cummy recognized genius in him when others saw him only as a "curious boy." When neighbor children came to visit, Louis invented imaginative games for them to play—usually games of pirates and robbers and the rescue of some fair maiden from their clutches. He took little interest in sports, but much in hazardous exploits, including searching for birds' nests in dangerous places. Once he organized a club among some boys and dictated that its first requirement for membership should be, "Disregard everything our parents have ever taught us!" His father laid a heavy hand on that club —but he laughed as he did so.

Louis' battles with ill health began early. At three his parents moved into a damp house. Soon he suffered an attack of croup, and from that time on every year brought him some sort of illness. He had probably inherited from his mother her tendency to chest ailments. By the time he reached his seventh year his recurring fevers and lung troubles became so alarming that the family moved again—this time to a sunnier dwelling on Heriot Row, which remained their home for the rest of their days. But even here Louis spent much time in a sickbed. His father and mother and Cummy watched over him through many a weary night of fever and the terrors of delirium—nights recalled in his poem, "The Sick Child."

CHILD:

O mother, lay your hand upon my brow!
O mother, mother, where am I now?

Why is the room so gaunt and great?
Why am I lying awake so late?

. . . . . .

MOTHER:

Out in the city, sounds begin,
Thank the kind God, the carts come in!
An hour or two more, and God is so kind,
The day shall be blue in the window-blind,
Then shall my child go sweetly asleep,
And dream of the birds and the hills of sheep.[1]

As Dickens had done before him, Louis turned these sickbed periods to account. He thought up stories, playlets, games. He learned to draw. His mother encouraged him and played with him. At six he composed his first piece of writing. His uncle had offered a small prize for the best child's history of Moses. Louis entered the competition. He dictated his composition to his mother, and she helped his memory by reading from the Bible. He won the prize, and his mother records that "from that time it was his desire to be an author."

His Schooling. His health being so poor, he could attend school only in the intervals of comparative strength. At five or six he went for a while to the Cannonmills School near his home. Here the older boys teased him because of his odd appearance; for he was narrow-shouldered, flat-chested, spindle-legged, large-eyed, and long-haired. At seven he enrolled in a

[1] Used by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, authorized publishers.

preparatory school, but was withdrawn after a week; an attack of gastric fever had put him to bed again. Two years later he returned to the same school. At eleven he joined the youngest class in the Edinburgh Academy, and again met the "ragging" of the older boys, which sent him into towering rages. At twelve his parents, hoping to find health for him in more favorable climates, took him to England, Switzerland, and Italy. At thirteen, somewhat improved, he entered a boarding school in London, where he stayed but a few unhappy months. After a brief sojourn on the Riviera to strengthen those weak lungs, he was sent to a private school in Edinburgh which he attended irregularly for the next three years. Little wonder that he afterward described his school life as "a series of snapped threads of different length."

Meanwhile he was making some tentative adventures further along the road of authorship. At thirteen he edited a little home-printed journal which he called "The Schoolboy's Magazine." Then he wrote a story on the Pentland Rising, an episode of the Scotch Covenanters. When he had altered it to suit his father, the proud parent published a hundred copies of it. It sold remarkably well, even at the somewhat presumptuous price of tuppence per copy—for his mother bought practically the entire edition!

It may well have been Louis' interest in the locale of his story which led his generous parents to lease for their summer home Swanston Cottage at the foot of

Pentland Hills. There, in the following months, he roamed happily over the country whose every mound and meadow was peopled for him with ghosts of the old Covenanters about whom he had been learning from his books and the legends Cummy had related. The country air and the sunshine brought strength to his body—strength he sorely needed, for in the autumn he was to enter Edinburgh University.

At the University—and Fumbling for a Career. Every man who has enrolled fearfully in a university, not knowing exactly what he wanted there, but under pressure from his father to follow in the family profession; every student who has been considered a "queer duck" by his fellows, though he secretly yearned to be "one of the bunch"; every idler who has found truancy more to his liking than listening to professors' lectures—finds in his heart a bond of sympathy for Louis during the next seven years. For he had no stomach for engineering. His lack of physical stamina unfitted him for the manly sports; and his large eyes and classic features made him look feminine, and classed him as a "sissy" in the brutal snap judgments of youth. He could not endure the dryness of academic routine. In his "College Memories" he pictures himself at the time as a "lean, ugly, idle, unpopular student," the sunshine and shadow of whose life was made up of "changing humors, fine occasional purposes for good, flinching acceptance of evil, shiverings on wet eastwindy morning journeys up to class, infinite yawnings during

lectures, and unquenchable gusto in the delights of truantry."

He attended classes as seldom as possible. Sir James Barrie said that Louis now and again "looked in" at them "whenever he happened to be that way." When he did attend, his mind was usually somewhere else. He would sit on a bench far back, apparently taking notes, but in reality jotting down thoughts and fancies in prose and verse. Rather than listen to lectures on engineering, "I prefer," he would say, "to spend my time in writing *original* nonsense of my own." In fact, his principal notebook seems to have been the one entitled "Book of Original Nonsense."

Since his fellow-students did not take kindly to him he sought companionship in taverns and "pubs." There he found conviviality among the non-academic and Bohemian. They did not make fun of his appearance; they laughed, rather, at his ready wit and his lively stories. They nicknamed him "Velvet Coat," for he usually wore one. "I was," he said, "the companion of seamen, chimney sweeps, and thieves. I was distinctly petted and respected, and the women were most kind and gentle to me." He became something of a local celebrity in such haunts as "The Green Elephant," "The Twinkling Eye," and "The Gay Japanee." To these he carried his notebook and pencil, making sketches of characters who—although neither he nor they knew it—were to dance and sing and commit all

manner of crimes in the pages of his novels a few years hence.

The Puritan Becomes also a Bohemian. Three years of this—years of study, truancy, Bohemianism, and inner turmoil. Summers he spent out-of-doors in various field-work projects in engineering. He liked these better than the academic assignments; there was adventure in harbors and on cliffs, and he met all sorts of interesting people. But try as he might, he could not bring himself to feel any enthusiasm for engineering as a profession. When he chose a book to read, it was certain to be anything but a text, and preferably a novel by Scott or Dickens, an essay by Lamb or Montaigne, a poem by Wordsworth or Walt Whitman. He experimented much with writing, but the results satisfied neither himself nor the editors to whom he sent them. And all the while rebellion germinated within him. Against what he rebelled he could not have told. Certainly his parents had been giving him all he could ask; the University was the best in the country; and he had no financial worries. Nevertheless, his rebellion grew.

Gilbert K. Chesterton, in a brilliant chapter on this period of Stevenson's life, maintains that his real trouble was that the Puritanism on which he had been nurtured was dead and he did not yet know it. He believes that when Louis "first stepped out of his Edinburgh home, he slipped upon the step." Man's normal development, according to Chesterton, is from the "child's garden of verses to the man's garden of vows"

through the youth's garden of romance and faith. Louis missed this normal transition. He went instead from the child's garden to the beer garden, from the Puritan nursery to the public houses of Edinburgh, from a Presbyterian boyhood to a pagan maturity. "In a word," concludes Chesterton, "in his childhood he had the best luck in the world, and in his youth the worst luck in the world; and that explains most of his story."

But does it? With much that Chesterton says there can be no quarrel. Certainly he is right in holding that it was the pain of Louis' youth that afterward made so vivid the happier memories of his childhood. But that pain came not from the *death* of Puritanism within him but from its *life*. It was so alive that it clashed vigorously with the new paganism into which he plunged when he left home. The gay revelry at the public houses appealed to him. He saw the devil's fascinating smile before he saw his horns. The Puritan in Louis was slow in asserting itself; the laughter of the public house drowned out the voice of conscience—*at first*. But not for long.

Consider the conflict within him. He had begun to doubt the authority of the religious teaching of his home. The more he had read of his favorite philosopher, Herbert Spencer, and of Darwin, whose *Origin of Species* was just then shattering old concepts of man's origin, the more he had questioned the authority of the Bible and the validity of his parents' Puritanism based upon it. Yet this is not to say that he threw out

the window all the Puritan values and standards of judgment that he had acquired through seventeen years of training in that Puritan home. He could as easily have uprooted his nervous system, or thrown out his heart and brain. Puritan values were too deeply ingrained. They were in his very blood and bones. He enjoyed the Bohemians, and he learned much from them that he never forgot or ceased to appreciate. But he soon saw that many of them were semi-suicides who were trying to escape in drink from the troubles and responsibilities of life.

And here the Puritan in him clashed with the pagan world around him in the "pubs." Whatever the faults of Scotch Presbyterianism, it taught its followers that life is a serious business and not a bowl of cherries, or a kitten's ball of yarn, or a puppy's plaything. It instilled a fighting spirit that inspired men to combat every form of tyranny over the human mind, whether the tyranny of a political oppressor, or the tyranny of an ecclesiastical institution, or the tyranny of ignorance, or the tyranny of vice. This fighting spirit was as much Louis' heritage as his weak lungs and his whimsical imagination. It asserted itself in his battle against ill health; it also asserted itself against the Bohemian's weak surrender in the face of life's difficulties. He accepted the Bohemians' freedom from the restrictions of petty respectability in manners and dress; he reveled in their strong language, Rabelaisian stories, and fondness for the bizarre and grotesque; he gloried in their

tolerance; but he would not and did not adopt their attitude of trying to escape the sterner realities of human existence. He would fight first.

From this time on it was not a question with him of being a Puritan *or* a Bohemian. He was *both.* He was a Bohemian with a Puritan conscience. Mr. S. S. McClure, the American publisher, said truly, "There were two men in Stevenson, the romantic adventurer of the sixteenth century, and the Scotch Covenanter of the nineteenth century. . . . Underneath his velvet coat, his gaiety and picturesqueness, Robert Louis Stevenson was flint. He was so sensitive to the opinion of others that an office-boy could influence him for the moment. But in the long run, against his considered judgment, he could not be influenced at all."

This combination of the two personalities in one skin soon brought important changes in his social status. He attracted new friends at the University, and got into increasing friction with his father at home. The more alert students began to see him as one whose inner conflict was similar to their own, and whose outer gaiety made him a desirable companion. But the friend who meant most to him was a member of the faculty—Mr. Fleeming Jenkin, whose biography Louis was later to write. Jenkin was Professor of Engineering, and he might also have been called a Professor of Life, for he had an informed and abounding interest in art, literature, and great personalities as well as in science.

It was Mrs. Jenkin who first discovered Louis while

making a call in the Stevenson home. She came away asking, "Who was this son who talked as Charles Lamb wrote, this Heine with a Scotch accent?" She invited Louis to the Jenkin home, which was a haven for other young rebels like himself. There, under the kindly sympathy and the contagious high spirits of Professor Jenkin, he found himself "valued, encouraged, affectionately admonished, and helped." When, in the following summers, he could take time off from his engineering projects, he joined the Jenkin private theatricals, first as a prompter and later as an actor. Through the drama and his own buoyant interest in all that makes life rich and flavorable, Professor Jenkin weaned Louis away from the cheap and tawdry amusements of the "pubs," called forth the sanity in him, and steered him through his adolescent atheism. No other friend had so great an influence upon his character in these critical years. Even when Jenkin flunked Louis for non-attendance on engineering classes, the bond of affection between them did not slacken. Louis knew he deserved it.

His Rebellion Comes to a Head. After three years of the engineering course he gladdened his father's heart by preparing and reading before the Royal Scottish Society of Arts a paper on "A New Form of Intermittent Light for Use in Lighthouses." The Society praised the paper and awarded its young author a prize of three pounds. But twelve days later he announced to his father that he was through with engineering, for

he wanted to devote all his time to writing. It was a heavy blow to Thomas Stevenson, but he took it with grace. If Louis could not feel his father's devotion to the family vocation—well, it was regrettable, but the fact must be accepted. However, writing was another matter. What reason had his son to think that he could make a living in literature? Scotland was full of "failed authors." Louis had no reason; he only knew he liked writing better than anything else. They finally agreed on this compromise: Louis would read law until he could pass the examinations for the Scottish bar; he would then have a profession on which to fall back if literature yielded no bread and butter. Moreover, the necessary historical and legal studies would add to his store of culture and might be drawn upon for his writing.

Trying to Find Himself. So for another three years Louis remained at the University, studying some, playing truant more, reading law in the office of a firm of Edinburgh barristers, and experimenting with writing most of his time. They were happier years. His popularity with his fellow-students increased; he joined the famous "Speculative Club"—a society for discussing what's wrong with the world and how to cure it—and he became one of the four editors of a new student magazine. The latter "ran four months in undisturbed obscurity and died without a gasp." But Louis managed to get six of his own articles into its four issues before it expired. Occasional hemorrhages of the

lungs sent him to bed, but he bounced back gaily within a few days.

He formed the habit of keeping two books in his pocket, one to write in, the other to read. Among the latter he included Horace, Shakespeare, Pepys, Montaigne, Burns, Hazlitt, Keats, Fielding, Heine, Lamb, the New Testament, Spencer, and Walt Whitman. Concerning Whitman's *Leaves of Grass,* he wrote that it "tumbled the world upside down for me, blew into space a thousand cobwebs of genteel and ethical illusion, and having thus shaken my tabernacle of lies, set me back again upon a strong foundation of all the original and manly virtues." The more he read of these favorite authors the more his own inner conflict seemed to resolve itself. "Books," he found, "were the proper remedy: books of vivid human import, forcing upon the minds of young men the issues, pleasures, busyness, importance, and immediacy of that life in which they stand; books of smiling or heroic temper, to excite or to console; books of a large design. . . ."

Teaching Himself the Art of Writing. He read such books not only for their substance but for their style. He tried to imitate the manner of their writing as an artist copies the works of the great masters. He played "the sedulous ape" to the literary craftsmen until he discovered how they accomplished their results. His own description of the process has become a classic in itself; it explains in part the transition from the boy who yearned to write to the man who knew how.

All through my boyhood and youth I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler; and yet I was always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write. . . . As I walked, my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words; when I sat by the roadside, I would either read, or a pencil and a penny version-book would be in my hand, to note down the features of the scene or commemorate some halting stanzas. Thus I lived with words.

And what I thus wrote was for no ulterior use; it was written consciously for practice. It was not so much that I wished to be an author (though I wished that too) as that I had vowed that I would learn to write. That was a proficiency that tempted me; and I practised to acquire it, as men learn to whittle, in a wager with myself. Description was the principal field of my exercise; for to anyone with senses there is always something worth describing, and town and country are but one continuous subject. But I worked in other ways also; often accompanied my walks with dramatic dialogues, in which I played many parts; and often exercised myself in writing down conversations from memory. . . .

Whenever I read a book or a passage that particularly pleased me, in which a thing was said or an effect rendered with propriety, in which there was either some conspicuous force or some happy distinction of style, I must sit down at once and set myself to ape that quality. I was unsuccessful, and I knew it; and tried again, and was again unsuccessful, and always unsuccessful; but at least in these vain bouts I got some practice in rhythm, in harmony, in construction and the co-ordination of parts. . . .

I remember one of these monkey-tricks, which was

called "The Vanity of Morals"; it was to have had a second part, "The Vanity of Knowledge"; but the second part was never attempted, and the first part was written (which is my reason for recalling it, ghost-like, from its ashes) no less than three times: first in the manner of Hazlitt, second in the manner of Ruskin, who had cast on me a passing spell, and third in a laborious pasticcio of Sir Thomas Browne. So with my other works: *Cain,* an epic, was (save the mark!) an imitation of *Sordello*. . . .

That, like it or not, is the way to learn to write; whether I have profited or not, that is the way. It was so Keats learned, and there was never a finer temperament for literature than Keats's. . . .

Such was the discipline to which he subjected himself during the long years of his apprenticeship to letters. What it was, beyond the fighting spirit of the Puritan, that made him undertake the discipline and stick to it is another question. Perhaps no other motive force was necessary. In his *Reflections and Remarks on Human Life* he looked back upon these days and realized that a transformation took place then—a metamorphosis from an idler to a man of action—and gave this explanation of its cause:

Of that great change of campaign, which decided all this part of my life and turned me from one whose business was to shirk into one whose business was to strive and persevere, it seems to me as though all that had been done by someone else. The life of Goethe affected me; so did that of Balzac. . . . I daresay I could

trace some other influences in the change. All I mean is, I was never conscious of a struggle, nor registered a vow, nor seemingly had anything personally to do with the matter. I came about like a well-handled ship. There stood at the wheel that unknown steersman whom we call God.

At Twenty-three: a Crisis, New Friends, and First Publication. Physically and mentally the year 1873 was probably the most critical and important of his life as a student. His health was at its worst, undermined by a series of hemorrhages; his mind was troubled by religious doubts; and his relations with his father had reached a point where they brought more pain than pleasure to both of them. One evening late in January of that year his father put to him a number of questions about his religious beliefs. Louis answered honestly, but the answers only distressed his parents. His father, over-dogmatic in his faith, wanted Louis to see the danger in failing to accept the plenary inspiration of the Bible and in adopting the new views of evolution currently popular in the University. Louis, equally stubborn in temperament, stuck to his agnosticism. Their words became heated, bitter, until the scene ended with Thomas Stevenson, in an agony of disappointment over his son's apostasy, calling him a "careless infidel" and a "horrible atheist."

The scene made both his parents ill and sent Louis to the depths of despair. To his friend, Charles Baxter, he wrote a few days afterward:

If it were not too late, I think I could almost find it in my heart to retract, but it is too late; again, am I to live my whole life as a falsehood? Of course, it is rougher than hell upon my father, but can I help it? They don't see either that my game is not the light-hearted scoffer; that I am not (as they call me) a careless infidel . . . I am, I think, as honest as they can be in what I hold. I have not come hastily to my views. I reserve (as I told them) many points until I acquire fuller information, and do not think I am justly to be called a "horrible atheist." . . . What a curse I am to my parents! O Lord, what a pleasant thing it is to have just damned the happiness of (probably) the only two people who care a damn about you in the world.

Fortunately two new friends came into his life in the summer of this year—Sidney Colvin and Mrs. Sitwell (later Mrs. Colvin). Colvin, although only six years older than Louis, was Professor of Fine Arts at the University of Cambridge. He took to the troubled young man at once, recognizing, as no one but his mother and Cummy had done, the rare quality of his mind and heart. Under the sunshine of these new friendships Louis' spirits lifted, his conversation sparkled, his yearning for a writing career revived. Mr. Colvin and Mrs. Sitwell listened to him, consoled him, and inspired him "to believe hopefully and manfully in his own powers and future." Mr. Colvin went further, advising him specifically about his writing and recommending him to three of the leading editors in England. His helpfulness did not stop even there.

He took upon himself the task of communicating with Louis' parents, reassuring them of the worth and solid character of their misunderstood son, and tactfully clearing the way for a reconciliation. The friendship thus begun continued to the end of Louis' life, growing in mutual confidence and affection through the years. When Louis had fought his last battle with Death and lost, it was Colvin who gathered up the letters he had written to friends throughout the world and published them, with careful notes, in four sizeable volumes which are today among the richest of the world's epistolary literature.

Before that summer had ended, Louis, encouraged and guided by these new friends, was hard at work on three essays—one on Walt Whitman, another on John Knox, and a third on Roads and the Spirit of the Road. And before the autumn leaves had fallen the essay on Roads was published, and the editors to whom Colvin had commended him were asking for more. The opening for which he had longed had come, and from this time on for the next twenty years he wrote steadily and with rapidly increasing power—but always with the tyrant of ill health standing over him and striving to snatch the pen from his hand.

A Lawyer for a Few Weeks, and Then the Plunge. Keeping his agreement with his father, he completed his legal training, passed the examinations by the grace of his examiners, and was admitted to the bar at twenty-five. At the urging of his mother he consented to have

his picture taken in the advocate's wig and gown. But that was about as far as he would go. He practiced but a few weeks in a desultory fashion; then—as more of his essays found friendly editors—he declined further cases and devoted himself completely to his writing, resolved to make a go of it or starve in the attempt. He did not yet know whether his field of writing would be essays, biography, drama, fiction, or verse. He would experiment. All he knew was that his heart and soul were in literature and nowhere else.

We shall not trace in detail the development of his skill or attempt to appraise the relative value of the twenty-eight volumes of prose and poetry he produced in the following twenty years. Nor shall we attempt to follow his painful pilgrimage from country to country, through Europe, America, and the Hawaiian Islands in search of a climate favorable to his bleeding lungs. His poor health doomed him to a vagabond destiny. His countless battles with disease and poverty would make a book by themselves, and a book of heroism seldom matched in the pages of either biography or fiction. That book is not among the twenty-eight which bear his signature; they are filled only with gaiety, laughter, romance, whimsy, and high adventure.

Our purpose here is single: to reveal the sources of his power. We have seen their beginnings in his Scotch Covenanter ancestry, his cultured parents, his imaginative and pious nurse, his carefully selected books, his helpful friends, his widening sympathies with all sorts

and conditions of people, and his rigorous self-discipline in the techniques of writing. Out of all these he distilled that fighting quality of spirit and that grace of expression which have made R. L. S. probably the most loved initials among English writers—the symbols on the shield of a happy warrior.

Typical Scenes of the Next Twenty Years. Let us look at this happy warrior in action, choosing a few typical scenes from the hurrying years that followed his first successful assault upon the magazines. At twenty-six we find him ending a long canoe trip (described later in his *Inland Voyage*) with his friend Sir Walter Simpson. They reach the village of Grètz-sur-Loing in France. In high spirits, Louis makes a dramatic entrance by vaulting through the open door into the lamplit dining-room where a group of his young artist friends are gathered around a table in the Pension Chevillon. As he lands in their midst, welcomed by their cheers, he comes face to face with a woman he has not seen before—an American "of short stature, and possessing vivid, sombre, penetrating eyes beneath a mass of dark hair." She is Mrs. Osbourne, unhappily married to a man who has been unfaithful to her. She has left this man and is now living in poverty at Grètz, studying art and rearing her seventeen-year-old daughter and eight-year-old son. Louis soon falls in love with her. But at the moment he is not thinking of marriage. He is bent only on enjoying to the utmost an interval of health.

Bubbling over with gaiety he sends the company into fits of laughter as he recounts, with happy exaggeration, the misadventures of the canoe trip. As he chatters, one small member of the company—Mrs. Osbourne's son, Lloyd—appraises him silently, but with growing admiration. This boy is to become famous in his own right as author and critic in years to come. But at the moment he, too, is not thinking of the future, but of this odd and boisterous and altogether charming new arrival, tall and slight, with dark hair and lustrous brown eyes. He is easily the liveliest of the group. They are all poor (with the exception of a few Americans who claim that they *want* to be poor), and they all rail fiercely at the respectable and well-to-do. Much of this talk is, of course, only the ranting of reckless and ebullient youth who have not yet made their mark and are rebellious against the world that has not recognized their budding genius. Louis loves the big talk as much as any of them; but when the others are off, busy with their attempts to make their genius bloom, he reads to little Lloyd Osbourne tales from *Pilgrim's Progress*. The Puritan is still there, along with the Bohemian.

Five years pass. In their course he has worked for a while on a new weekly magazine; resigned from it upon hearing that Mrs. Osbourne is ill in California; voyaged (in steerage) across the Atlantic; jolted across America on an emigrant train; nearly died of hemorrhages, malaria, and undernourishment in the Golden

State; married Mrs. Osbourne; and returned to England with her and her son Lloyd. He has written much —*Inland Voyage, Travels with a Donkey,* and *Virginibus Puerisque*—but his efforts thus far have earned him little fame and less money. In a somewhat desperate attempt at securing a steady income he has tried to secure the Professorship of History at Edinburgh—and failed.

Our scene discovers him now, at thirty-one, in a cottage in Braemār, propped up in bed and playing an early morning game of chess with his great and good friend, Edmund Gosse. In about the middle of the game Louis raps with his knuckles upon the board—the signal that he is too weary to play more. Mr. Gosse and Mrs. Stevenson remove the board, place Louis' writing materials on the coverlet, and leave him. For a while he lies back upon the pillow, resting. Then his hand finds the pencil, he pulls himself up to a sitting position and begins to write. The hours pass—now resting, now writing. In the evening, after dinner, as the sleet howls outside, he sits by the fireside reading to the family the tale he has been composing—a highly exciting tale of very healthy pirates and hidden booty, *Treasure Island.*

In the same year, but some months later, we find him in a cottage in Davos, Switzerland, in the midst of a colony of tuberculous men and women, whither he has come in the never-ending search for air that will be kind to his lungs. In the living-room of the little house

three persons—Stevenson, his wife, and his stepson—sit around a table, figuring family finances, which are decidedly in the red. For even *Treasure Island,* published thus far only in serial form, has not yet captured the imagination of the public nor the gold of the publishers. Gloom settles upon the little household. But now the boy, Lloyd Osbourne, his face suddenly alight with inspiration, tiptoes from the room, and up to the attic. There he pulls out his toy printing-press and begins to labor at setting type. In a few hours he has printed a little story—"the spelling and the matter entirely original"—entitled "Black Canyon, or Life in the Far West." He takes it to the nearby hotel, hawks it among the guests, and sells out the entire edition in short order. Returning, flushed with success, he paints across his attic playroom door the proud legend, "Osbourne and Company, Publishers."

The paint is hardly dry when there is a knock upon the door. Lloyd opens it. There stands Robert Louis Stevenson. "Is this a publishing house?" he inquires. "It is!" replies Lloyd. "Good! I should like to submit some poems for your consideration." The youthful publisher accepts them with a shout—without reading them—and promptly goes to work to set them in type.

But now a new difficulty arises. These verses should be illustrated, but Lloyd has used on his own story all the cuts which had belonged to his toy press. Stevenson volunteers his services to make some drawings and then wooden cuts from them. So with much labor and

great fun he makes them, drawing the pictures first in pencil, pasting the drawings on thin pieces of wood, carving them out with a jackknife, and mounting them on blocks. Author and publisher pull a proof of the result—and decide it won't do; the low places in the cuts are too low, collecting and smearing the ink. The whole family goes into a huddle. This time it is Mrs. Stevenson who has the bright idea. She suggests that Stevenson paste cigarette papers in the low places, building them up to the proper level. They try it. It works! The little press hums again, and soon the boy is hawking the tiny booklets at sixpence each to his customers at the hotel. He returns with the cash and pays Stevenson a penny per cut and a half-penny for each set of verses. Stevenson jingles the coins in his pocket and vows it is the most successful work he has yet done. (Neither author nor publisher could dream that in catalogs of rare books today these booklets—"Not I, and Other Poems by R. L. Stevenson"—should be listed as: *Stevensoniana, Excessively Rare,* and priced at three hundred and fifty dollars each). "In moments of effort," he meditates, "one learns to do the easy things that people like."

The "moments of effort" multiply. We find him some months later in his darkened bedroom. He has had a terrible hemorrhage, followed by an attack of sciatica. As if that were not enough, opthalmia has set in and rendered him temporarily blind. His right arm is bound tightly to his chest so that no movement

of it may start the lungs bleeding again. But he has raised no white flag. Across his knees, as he lies in bed, is laid a board and on that board a slate. In his left hand he holds a pencil. The hours of pain assault him, each with its company of sixty murderous minutes. But his pencil goes into action. Laboriously across that slate he drives it. Slowly, syllable by syllable, word by word, he thrusts against the legions of pain the immortal lines of *A Child's Garden of Verses.*

> The world is so full of a number of things,
> I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.
> . . . . . .
> A child should always say what's true,
> And speak when he is spoken to,
> And behave mannerly at table;
> At least as far as he is able.

And so on and on until he completes some two score of the charmingly whimsical poems.

On another day he writes cheerfully to a friend, "I am too blind to read, hence no reading. I am too weak to walk, hence no walking; I am not allowed to speak, hence no talking; but the great simplification has yet to be named: for if this goes on I shall soon have nothing to eat—and hence, O Hallelujah! no eating."

The next scene is the famous one in which he writes *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* He is thirty-seven and living in the English cottage "Skerryvore" which Thomas Stevenson has donated to his son. Louis' health is at its worst; his creative flame at its brightest. He will not

coddle himself nor cease his writing. "Oh, hell, what does it matter? Let me die with my boots on!" And out of this sickroom come, in steady succession, *Kidnapped, Markheim, Life of Fleeming Jenkin,* some of his best short stories, and *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* He writes the first draft of the latter in three days, "sitting up in bed, filling page after page, and apparently never pausing for a moment."

We look in upon the family on the evening of the third day. Stevenson in his sickroom dress has come down to the living-room, an emaciated, tragic figure, his hair long and unkempt, his eyes abnormally brilliant. He reads aloud the story and with dramatic power. When he has finished, he waits expectantly for the praise he feels sure will be forthcoming. His stepson sits spellbound; to his youthful mind it is a masterpiece as it stands. But Mrs. Stevenson is strangely silent. She struggles to find words of commendation, but suddenly abandons the attempt and states her real feeling. She tells her astonished husband that he has missed the point of his own story; he has made a magnificent bit of sensationalism out of what might have been a significant allegory of the struggle between two spirits in any human soul. Stevenson, his pride wounded, his nerves taut, and his self-control weakened by his long illness, flies into a rage. He upbraids her with passionate fury, but she sticks to her point. Finally he stalks away, trembling, his emotion spent, leaving her sitting pale and desolate by the fire. In a

few minutes he is back again, and in control of himself. "You are right," he says, quietly, "I have absolutely missed the allegory, which, after all, is the whole point of it—the very essence of it." Thereupon he throws the manuscript into the fire. His wife protests, but in vain. "It was all wrong," he insists. "In trying to save some of it I should have got hopelessly off the track. The only way was to put temptation beyond my reach."

He plunges at once into the re-writing. Morning, afternoon, and evening for six days he concentrates with incredible energy and perseverance upon the task, propped up in bed and covering the counterpane with page after page of script. The usual day's stint for an author is a thousand words. Stevenson, on this story, writes more than ten thousand words a day—sixty-four thousand words in six days! To cap this achievement —in itself one of the most remarkable in the history of literature—he copies the entire manuscript in another two days and sends it to the publishers on the third. "The strange thing was," says Lloyd Osbourne, whose vivid account we have but lamely condensed, "that instead of showing lassitude afterward, he seemed positively refreshed and revitalized . . . was as uplifted as though he had come into a fortune: looked better than he had for months."

If this were a motion picture scenario of his life we should now call for one of those rapid series of shots which show the hero's sudden rise to fame and the ap-

proach of his climactic struggle. There would be a shot of Stevenson receiving the doctor's solemn warning that if he is to live he must seek at once the climate of Colorado or New Mexico. Then one of his departure from England with his little family on a cattle boat, a few faithful friends waving farewell from the wharf. The next would show him arriving three weeks later in New York, and being received (to his amazement) by a great crowd of admirers including a small army of reporters and cameramen. For with the publication of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* he has become famous overnight; and his American readers, always on the hunt for a new literary lion, have suddenly discovered that this is the one they have been seeking.

Aware of this popularity, American publishers pounce upon him in a competitive scramble for words from his pen. *Scribner's* offers him $3,500 for twelve essays; the *New York World,* $10,000 for a year's weekly articles, and $8,000 for the serial rights to his next novel; nearly every major publication puts in some bid. (Hovering over all these hurrying scenes—a great cinema director would know how to do it—we should have a spectre of Death smiling grimly and coming nearer and nearer, his bony hand outstretched.)

Then there would be a shot of the bewildered Stevenson reading his name in the headlines or pushing through hordes of autograph maniacs at his hotel. The next would show him trying to flee all this hubbub to go to Saranac Lake, and a station-master searching him out

to return his ticket money and tell him that the railroad is putting a private car at his disposal with its compliments. (Not bad for a man who has barely lost the odors of a cattle ship from his clothing!) Another shot would picture him in the Saranac sanitarium founded by Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau, whose own fight with the white plague had been no less valiant. In this scene Stevenson would be wrapped up in a buffalo robe, taking deep breaths of the piercing air and (thumbing his nose at the spectre of Death) seizing his pen and buckling down to work on a series of essays and a new novel—*The Master of Ballantrae.* This montage would end with a shot of the author listening to an enthusiastic young American publisher, S. S. McClure, who is persuading him with dreams of gold and high adventure to charter a yacht and sail the seas—any sea or all of them, a small matter—and sail away to ports unknown, sending back monthly letters to McClure's syndicate of publications. . . . The movies could do all that in less time than it takes us here to suggest it.

We must be content with only one scene, and let it be in his home, Vailima, on the Island of Samoa to which his chartered yacht has eventually brought him. Here both the Bohemian and the Puritan in him have reached the fullness of their respective powers. His Bohemian self—the lover of life, of art, of gaiety, of unconventionality, of things bizarre and colorful—glories in a palatial home on a three-hundred-acre estate overlooking the sea. To this home all manner of

people come—native Samoans, English sailors and marines, German officials, friends from Europe and America. It is not only the grandest home on the island; it is the brightest and livest spot in the South Pacific. And Stevenson is at its center, laughing, making merry with his multitudinous guests, and writing stories, essays, and articles for his millions of readers across the seas. What Bohemian could ask for more than this: world-wide fame as an artist, popularity among rich and poor, a large income from his work, and the freedom to spend it lavishly for entertainment, for charity, and for helping other authors still struggling for recognition? Stevenson has it all—all—all except the health to keep it going. That grim Spectre is coming nearer, nearer.

His Puritan self has had an equal development. He has not conformed his religion to a creedal pattern acceptable to the orthodox of any sect; the very thought of doing so would be abhorrent to him, for he has always damned sectarianism mercilessly. He has preferred to express his religion in action. He has had an early chance to do so after reaching the islands. Quick to understand the natives' love of freedom and their sufferings under the German government which has repressed and exploited them, he has taken up his pen and written articles in their behalf. The German authorities, irritated to the point of deporting him, have been deterred only because his popularity in England and America would make such an act an international

"incident." The natives have come to look upon him as their greatest friend. They have named him "Tusitala"—teller of tales. Their chiefs have told him the tales of their own people; and he, in turn, has told them the folklore of the white race. When, in the autumn of 1893, the Samoan War has broken out, Stevenson has helped the wounded and visited the chiefs in prison. His kindness has won their profound gratitude, and on the conclusion of the war they have given it unique expression: they have built him a road leading from the village of Apia to Vailima, bearing its entire cost themselves. "It shall never be muddy, it shall endure forever, this road that we have dug." They have called it, "The Road of the Loving Heart."

The Puritan in him has brought him also to the side of the missionaries. "I had conceived a great prejudice against Missions in the South Seas," he writes to a friend in England, "but I had no sooner come than the prejudice was first reduced and then annihilated." He has become particularly interested in the work of Father Damien's mission in the heart of a leper colony. When the memory of that heroic priest is attacked by a narrow-minded Presbyterian missionary in Honolulu, and the attack circulated in England at a time when a monument to Father Damien is contemplated, Stevenson writes a blistering letter in defense of Damien.

Our scene presents the Puritan Stevenson in the midst of the surroundings of the Bohemian Stevenson. It is Sunday evening, and his whole household is as-

sembled for family prayers. His wife, his mother, his stepson and married stepdaughter with her small son, his twelve half-clothed Samoan servants, and his three or four guests—all sit hushed around the long table in the great living room. Stevenson, at the head of the table, conducts the simple service—first a hymn in Samoan, then a chapter of the Bible read in Samoan, then a prayer in English by Stevenson:

We beseech thee, Lord, to behold us with favor, folk of many families and races, gathered together in the peace of this roof, weak men and women subsisting under the covert of thy patience. Be patient still; suffer us yet a while longer; with our broken purposes of good, with our idle endeavors against evil, suffer us yet a while longer to endure, and (if it may be) help us to do better. . . . Bless to us our extraordinary mercies; if the day come when these must be taken, brace us to play the man under affliction. Be with our friends, be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest; if any awake temper to them the dark hours of watching; and when the day returns, return to us, our sun and comforter, and call us up with morning faces and morning hearts—eager to labor—eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion—and if the day be marked for sorrow, strong to endure it.[2]

The whole patriarchal company join in repeating the Lord's Prayer in Samoan and the service is ended.

A few more weeks pass. He completes *St. Ives.* The Spectre behind him, growing impatient, takes an-

[2] From *Vailima Papers.* Used by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, authorized publishers.

other step nearer. Stevenson feels the ghostly breath upon his head. He glances up to the peak of Mt. Vaea. There on the summit would be a good place to be buried; yes, there on the top of the world. But first there is just one more story in his heart that he must finish: *Weir of Hermiston.* He begins it, writes steadily through the introduction, the middle, the climax—but the Spectre will wait no longer. His outstretched hand closes upon the frail figure which has fought off his every attack through forty-four years. The valiant Stevenson dies as he has always wished—with his boots on.

> I hear the signal, Lord—I understand.
> The night at Thy command
> Comes. I will . . . not question more.

All night long the Samoan natives chant prayers over him. Their chiefs bring their oldest and most precious mats to place before the bier. Just before dawn two hundred dark-skinned men in the flickering light of torches begin hewing a path to the summit of the precipitous mountain. Silently, their backs gleaming with sweat, they work through the torrid heat of the morning, chopping a way through huge trees and thick underbrush. The path complete, the funeral procession —family, natives, and guests—climbs laboriously the steep ascent, winding its sorrowful way to the top. Twelve powerful Samoans bear the coffin upon their shoulders. When they reach the summit they lower

his body into the grave, dug where he wanted it—overlooking the sea that had given him the only respite from disease he had known. And on the tomb within a few days they place the inscription he has written:

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie;
Glad did I live, and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.[3]

[3] Used by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, authorized publishers.

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